INQUIRY
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Are Iran's Rebels Really Reactionaries?

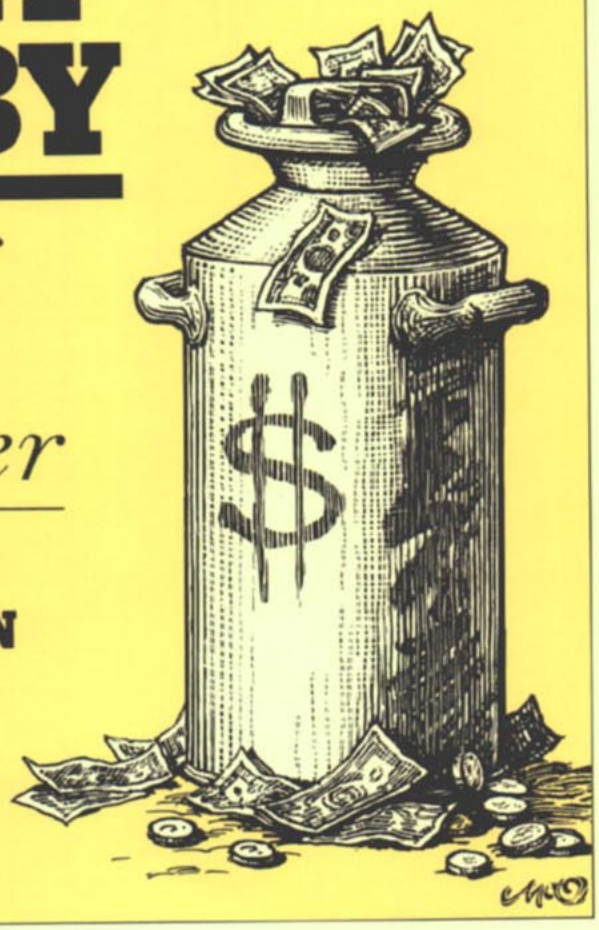
Reviving the Selective Service System

Steve Weissman *on Operation Plumbat*

THE DAIRY LOBBY

Milking The Taxpayer

BY MICHAEL McMENAMIN & WALTER McNAMARA



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They could wiretap, plant informers, topple democracies, use people as guinea pigs, run smear campaigns, provoke violence, hire Mafia killers. It was cloak and dagger and no questions asked.

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NOVEMBER 13, 1978

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RES PUBLICA

At any cost

■ The United States yesterday expressed support for Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi and said Iranian forces were justified in using their weapons to quell anti-shah demonstrations in Tehran on Friday that led to many deaths.

A spokesman said the State Department had "deep regret" over the deaths and injuries but that—on the question of whether too much force was used—"it is obvious to us that order must be restored."

—*Washington Star, Sept. 10, 1978*

High-gene

■ The woman who wants to be California's next attorney general said Monday she has never smoked marijuana. Passing a marijuana cigarette from one mouth to another, Rep. Yvonne Braithwaite Burke said, is a "good way to spread germs."

—*Los Angeles Times, Sept. 19, 1978*

Besides, it doesn't have to change ponies every 15 miles

■ Libraries east of the Mississippi River are receiving federal documents through United Parcel Service, Inc., because it is faster, cheaper and more reliable than the U.S. mail, a federal official said Thursday.

—*Los Angeles Times, Sept. 28, 1978*

Nevertheless, they are concerned

■ The problems of back-breaking medical and hospital costs plaguing millions of Americans are largely academic to hundreds of government officials. Most of the top elected and appointed officials now involved in the debate over national health insurance already get special handling and the finest medical treatment at the bargain rate of from $20 to $206 per day.

Even that maximum payment, which includes care by top military medical personnel and plush "executive-care" suites in Walter Reed Army Hospital and Bethesda Naval Center, is a bargain. The $206 covers all meals, medicine and other costs for treatment of even the most catastrophic illness or major surgery . . . The $206 . . . is often fully covered by government-sponsored health insurance.

—*Los Angeles Times, Oct. 8, 1978*

Union-busting, union style

■ The AFL-CIO Operating Engineers Union, Local 12, illegally tried to block its own clerical staff from joining an AFL-CIO office workers union, the National Labor Relations Board has ruled. The NLRB in Washington Tuesday upheld an administrative law judge's decision that officers of the 25,000-member local wrongly questioned staff employes about their pro-union sympathies and warned them of possible economic reprisal if they persisted in their union activities.

—*Los Angeles Times, Sept. 14, 1978*

Peace is war

■ The United States policy of hands off, of silence, of staying out of this [Nicaraguan] situation, is tantamount to intervention. The fact that we deny our strongest ally in the United Nations, our strongest ally in the Organization of American States, our strongest ally in all of our international affairs is a precedent that ought to alarm free people everywhere.

—REPRESENTATIVE JOHN M. MURPHY, *in the Congressional Record, Sept. 21, 1978*

But the question is, Can Patrick Buchanan think and write at the same time?

■ . . . Nicaragua is not 18th-century New England. There is validity in the observation that bananas and self-government cannot be grown on the same piece of ground.

—PATRICK J. BUCHANAN, *in the Richmond Times-Dispatch, Sept. 18, 1978*

The White House will smoke to that

■ The nation's chief drug fighter urged Congress Tuesday to triple the maximum prison sentence for marijuana smuggling, saying that the problem had reached "enormous" proportions. Sentencing violators under present laws providing up to five years in prison is "not doing the job," Peter B. Bensinger, administrator of the Drug Enforcement Administration, told the International Assn of Chiefs of Police conference. . . .

—*Los Angeles Times, Oct. 11, 1978*

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How the press defends the shah

Distorting Iran

IF YOU RELY ON THE AMERICAN PRESS for an explanation of the current political turmoil in Iran, Ehsan Omeed's article in this issue will surprise you. The wire services endlessly characterize the shah's opponents as "religious extremists" or "conservative mullahs." The average reader of even the *Washington Post* or *Los Angeles Times* must come away convinced that, bad as the shah undoubtedly is, his opposition is positively deranged and dangerous. Omeed's conclusions completely contradict this view, suggesting instead that a strong and viable liberal movement exists in Iran.

The press hardly seems willing to admit that the shah's "liberalization" policy, to which his opponents allegedly object, has been no such thing. In fact, the shah systematically stifles all free political expression in Iran—the very freedoms guaranteed under the 1906 constitution, enacted with the support of Iran's "traditionalist" Moslem leaders. The shah governs as a nearly absolute monarch; the single, government-sponsored Rastakhiz Party and the normally docile parliament offer no alternative to his power.

On top of this, the massive intervention of the state into economic life—the shah calls it "modernization"—has produced rampant inflation (which the shah blames on greedy shopkeepers) and economic stagnation. Commissions of up to 10 percent on government purchases finance a "new class" of generals, ministers, favored contractors, and relatives of the shah whose privileged style of life naturally outrages Iranians who suffer from the government's heavy-handed interference and mismanagement.

These totalitarian trends, rather than "liberalization," have become the focus of the opposition's attacks. For example,religious leaders who originally opposed the 1963 "White Revolution," with its provisions for land reform and more freedom for women, did so in large part because the shah imposed the program on the country without parliamentary approval.

More recently, religious leaders in the city of Qom, where the recent wave of protests began, published a list of 12 demands. These included implementation of the 1906 constitution, separation of powers, abolition of censorship, freedom for political prisoners, freedom of religious association, an end to police violence against students, the reopening of Tehran University, and the return from exile of Ayatullah Khumayni, the acknowledged leader of the Iranian opposition. If these demands are the ravings of unthinking fanatics, then Thomas Jefferson was one too.

If the opposition has taken on a religious cast, the reason lies in the relative independence of the church—the only institution in Iran to have escaped control by the shah. As one Iranian lawyer told *Time*, "We have not been allowed to form political parties. We have no newspapers of our own. But the religious leaders have a built-in communications system."

The shah, however, chooses to characterize his opposition as a mysterious coalition of backward religious leaders and Soviet-controlled revolutionaries—out of which has emerged a new blend he calls "Islamic Marxists." The American press, despite an inordinate amount of speculation about possible KGB instigation of the anti-shah riots, generally treats the shah's allegation of Soviet involvement with some caution. But it shows much less restraint in endorsing his claim to be the most "progressive" political force in the country.

The *Washington Post*'s editors, for example, hold that "the two main sources of popular opposition are, in their separate backhanded ways, tributes to his vision for Iran." They explain that the shah's "modernization" policy has "provoked frenzied opposition from traditional religious elements" tied to the feudal past. "If you throw in as well the third dimension of communist subversion," the paper continues, ". . . you have a poisonous brew."

On the basis of this profound analysis, the *Post* concludes that "Americans have good reason to hope [the shah] rides out the storm." At least, the *Post* would like us to *believe* that the reasons are good because, like other "liberal" newspapers, it strongly favors American support for the Pahlavi regime: "For its oil, for the stability it lends to its exceedingly shaky region, for the bulwark it forms to the spread of Soviet influence, Iran matters greatly to this country."

Listening to the paranoid fantasies of the shah and his American friends, one could easily forget that Iran is the strongest military power in southern Asia. The shah complains of a sinister "USSR pincer movement" encircling his country. The Soviets, he told one interviewer, "dream of reaching the Indian Ocean through the Persian Gulf."

Daniel Southerland of the *Christian Science Monitor* elaborates on this view: "First came the leftist takeover of Iraq, next the Marxist government in South Yemen, then the Soviet and Cuban moves into Ethiopia, and, most recently, the Communist coup in Afghanistan. Color those areas red on the map and you see what looks like a giant nutcracker about to squeeze both Saudi Arabia and Iran."

Tiny South Yemen a threat to Iran and Saudi Arabia? The herdsmen of Afghanistan a match for the shah's F-16s? Ethiopia's army, bogged down in Eritrea, preparing to part the Red Sea and invade Saudi Arabia? Southerland's rendition sounds like a witty parody—until he declares that "the pincer theory probably deserves more attention, and debate, than it has gotten so far in the U.S."

President Carter, for his part, shares the *Washington Post*'s fear that the shah may be overthrown by "a fanatical Iranian Qaddafi." Carter interrupted his negotiations at Camp David to send a dramatic message of "personal support" to the shah at the height of the riots. "My own belief," Carter said recently, "is that the shah has moved aggressively to establish democratic principles in Iran and to

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have a progressive attitude toward social questions. This has been the source of much of the opposition to him in Iran." Never mind that the shah's forces have killed hundreds of demonstrators since January. Never mind that Amnesty International concluded in its 1975 report that "no country in the world has a worse record on human rights than Iran." What do human rights matter when a Soviet pincer movement threatens our oil supplies?

It is time the American people stopped listening to uninformed news accounts, biased editorials, and official propaganda on Iran. No "pincer" movement threatens Iran—none of its neighbors is a military threat except the Soviet Union, against which Iran has in any case never had a defense. Iran's stability is threatened only by the shah's policy of gunning down demonstrators and torturing political opponents. No matter what its political coloration, Iran will continue to sell oil to the United States, and even a radical regime could hardly be more energetic than the shah in advocating higher oil prices. Instead of lending aid and comfort to the shah, the Carter administration should avoid further identification with the shaky and unpopular Pahlavi monarchy. The sooner the United States disengages from Iran, the better. ❑

More IMF aid for the rich

A golden fleece

EVERY MONTH SENATOR WILLIAM Proxmire of Wisconsin gives a "Golden Fleece award" to honor an egregious example of wasteful government spending. Recently, for instance, he gave the award to a government study of what would happen in the event of a new ice age. The study concluded that as glaciers came down from the North Pole, most people would move south. For this insight, the government paid a quarter of a million dollars.

We don't know who's going to win this month's Golden Fleece award. But we have a candidate. And this time, we are not talking about a measly quarter of a million dollars. We are talking about $1.9 *billion*—a lot of fleece even for Washington.

The money is supposed to be used for something called the Witteveen facility of the International Monetary Fund. According to the Treasury Department, whose pet project this is, the money will rescue the world monetary system, help the poor countries of the Third World, and prevent them from defaulting on the $200 billion debt they owe to the West, both to governments and to big banks.

The International Monetary Fund should already be familiar to our readers [*INQUIRY*, July 10, 1978]. It has some $30 billion in reserves, all of which is contributed by its member governments. Headquartered in Washington, it is charged with the mission of preventing the nations of the world from declaring trade and tariff wars against each other. It does this by making large sums available to countries suffering balance-of-payments deficits. In return, they promise not to impose trade or currency restrictions.

As befits its high-level mission, the IMF is one of the classiest outfits in Washington. It lives in the finest office building in town, flies its people around the world on Concordes, and pays its employees salaries so high that even members of Congress occasionally raise an eyebrow.

The Witteveen facility is an $11 billion fund, $1.9 billion of which will be American money, to be added to the existing $30 billion reserve. It is named after Johannes Witteveen, the Dutchman who is the outgoing managing director of the IMF. Mr. Witteveen deserves a lot of credit for setting up this facility. The IMF was originally designed to police a system of fixed exchange rates. However, the United States went off the gold standard in 1971, and two years later, exchange rates were allowed to float. There was nothing left for the IMF to police. But the resourceful Mr. Witteveen found a new mission for it: financing the payments deficits of the Third World. In effect, he transformed the IMF into a new aid agency (much as it hates to be called that).

In order for the IMF to become another aid agency, however, it had to get the $1.9 billion U.S. contribution approved by Congress. That took nearly a year. Most members of Congress, like the rest of us, had only the foggiest notion of what the IMF is and why it suddenly needed all that money. The Treasury Department was singularly unhelpful in explaining the problem. On the one hand, it said the world monetary system was basically sound. On the other, it said the whole system might come crashing down around our ears unless we give it money. Some members of Congress also worried about turning over more money to an organization—other than the CIA—that operates in secret and never tells Congress what it's doing.

Members of Congress concerned about human rights also worried that the IMF was the only remaining source of foreign aid exempt from human-rights legislation. They had good reason to be worried. For example, in 1976 and 1977, the IMF loaned the South African government $464 million, which enabled it to increase its military expenditures by $450 million [*INQUIRY*, Apr. 17, 1978]. To prevent similar loans in the future, Representative Tom Harkin (D.-Iowa) tried to get human-rights language into this year's bill. He was frustrated by an unusually intensive Treasury Department lobbying effort.

The Treasury Department contended that the Witteveen facility would help poor nations, but never explained how it would do this. In fact, the facility will gear its loans to the size of a nation's quota in the IMF. Since the poorest nations have the smallest quotas, they will get the smallest loans. Richer nations such as South Africa qualify for much more. Under the rules of the facility, South Africa could get $547 million, three times more than what six of the poorest black African nations—Benin, Burundi, Cameroon, Chad, Mali, and Togo, with a combined population greater than South Africa's—could get together. The facility is skewed to favor the rich. Yet it was sold to Congress as aid to poor nations.

If this sounds unbelievable, you haven't been to Washington lately. Last month, Congress voted to approve the $1.9 billion contribution, and on October 10 Jimmy Carter signed the money away.

An event like this shouldn't pass by without some appropriate ceremony. So we nominate the American contribution to the Witteveen facility for this month's Golden Fleece award. And since Bill Proxmire voted for the bill, we hope the senator will accept the award himself, on behalf of his colleagues in Congress. It should be the thickest fleece of the purest gold, as befits the sheep who've once again been shorn and left to shiver in the cold—you, the taxpayers. ❑

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NAT HENTOFF

Free speech in the workplace

IN THE LATE AUTUMN OF the Nixon presidency, an agitated man came to the offices of the New York Civil Liberties Union. His employer had discovered that he had been working—on his own time—for the impeachment of the commander-in-chief. And his employer had summarily fired him because of that. The man wanted to sue to get his job back. After all, he told a staff attorney, his First Amendment rights of speech and assembly had been violated.

There was, of course, no way in which the New York Civil Liberties Union could help him. The Bill of Rights, the cashiered employee was informed, protects the citizen against the government. But in private employment, there is obviously no issue of "state action" to be combated on constitutional grounds. Now, if this petitioner had been employed by the government—or by a firm so financially intertwined with the government that it could not exist without public funds—why, then, the NYCLU would have indeed moved in court to get his job back. This not being the case, all the staff attorney could do was to wish him a more libertarian employer next time around.

In my experience, most employees are well aware that they have no First Amendment rights in the workplace. And that is one reason why relatively few working-class or lower-level white-collar people join civil liberties groups. While some may enjoy free-press and other First Amendment battles as a spectator sport, they see no direct advantages to themselves in the outcome of these wars. This may be myopic on their part, for they are citizens as well as employees; but the general attitude was pungently distilled for me some years ago by a chronic dissident in an electronics plant. He was perennially in trouble with the company and the union—each imposing sanctions on him from time to time for the quite accurate circulars he distributed lambasting the leaders of both organizations.

In a bar one night, I told him that by temperament, he ought to be a member of the American Civil Liberties Union. He shook his head in vigorous dissent and some disgust. "Come on," he said, "what good did the First Amendment ever do me? What good *can* it do me?"

It is essential, I have long been convinced, that civil libertarians understand why the First Amendment is so abstract to so many people who never get into conflict with concentrated government power but who do experience perennial limitations on speech at the job. The state of mind of these people is of particular relevance to this column because of two developments—one in the courts and the other still in design form—that aim at providing workers in the private sector with the *equivalent* of First Amendment rights in the shop.

First, the right of a union steward to criticize the leadership of his local. Dave Newman works for the New York Telephone Company and is a member of Local 1101, Communications Workers of America. In 1974, he was elected job steward by the workers in his unit, but the union leadership soon booted him out of that office because he had been distributing circulars critical of its policies. The next year, Newman was overwhelmingly elected steward again; and together with some other stewards and members of the rank and file, he started publishing an unofficial monthly bulletin, the *Broad Street News*. It was forcefully evenhanded in its analyses of what it considered to be the shortcomings of both management and the union.

A main complaint against the union, as Dave Newman wrote in one of his columns, was that insufficient internal democracy had led to the rank and file's "feeling of powerlessness, lack of information, and lack of involvement." And indeed, that was why the *Broad Street News* was being published: "To encourage the active participation of

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all members in the union . . . We believe that democracy strengthens a union and that debate and discussion help make real unity possible."

The leadership of Local 1101 peremptorily cut off debate, once more removing Newman from his post as steward, because of what he had written in the *Broad Street News*. Moreover, the president of the local made it known that henceforth no steward could remain in office if he criticized the leadership. And, since no one had ever been elected to higher office in the union without first becoming a job steward, that meant the rank and file had better keep their gripes to themselves if they aspired to move on up.

DAVE NEWMAN, ALONG with 21 other stewards and members of the rank and file, sued the Communications Workers of America in federal district court. Because the union was not an arm of the state, they had no First Amendment case. But there is a statute, the Landrum-Griffin Act of 1959, that includes a "Bill of Rights of Members of Labor Organizations." Its core is what some courts have loosely called a First Amendment for union members and officers:

Freedom of speech and assembly—Every member of any labor organization shall have the right to meet and assemble freely with other members; and to express any views, arguments or opinions; and to express at meetings of the labor organization his views, upon candidates in an election of the labor organization, or upon any business properly before the meeting, subject to the organization's established and reasonable rules pertaining to the conduct of meetings.

And no one can be lawfully disciplined for exercising any of his rights under that section.

However, there is a second part:

Provided, That nothing herein shall be construed to impair the right of a labor organization to adopt and enforce reasonable rules as to the responsibility of every member toward the organization as an institution and to his refraining from conduct that would interfere with its performance of its legal or contractual obligations.

How much does the second part take away from the guarantees of speech and assembly in the first part? In the 19 years of the act's existence, the Supreme Court has never directly ruled on any case of a union member's free speech. There have been differing decisions in various circuit courts of appeal, and the time may well be ripe for the High Court to finally clarify this "Bill of Rights" for union members and officers. If so, Dave Newman's is likely to be the landmark case.

In federal district court in New York, Newman won. Judge Whitman Knapp ordered a preliminary injunction directing Local 1101 to reinstate Newman as steward and never again discipline any steward, either newly elected or already in office, for exercising his rights under the Landrum-Griffin Act. (Another steward had recently been kicked out of office for picketing a union meeting with a placard urging Newman's reinstatement.)

Judge Knapp, in his decision, emphatically stated: "We reject as absurd the defendants' general contention that a steward must believe in and cannot criticize Union policies in order to be able to explain them, and *thus that any shop unsympathetic with Union policies may elect only stewards opposing the views which the voters hold.*"(Emphasis added.)

The Communications Workers of America appealed. In the Second Circuit Court of Appeals, the CWA emerged triumphant. Said the unanimous three-judge panel: "To obligate union leadership to tolerate defiance of, or disagreement with, its plans by those responsible for carrying them out, would be to invite disaster for the union." Therefore, the court ruled, Local 1101 was right to remove Dave Newman. That is, unless Newman could prove that his dissenting did not prevent his functioning effectively as a representative of the union's management. And unless Newman could also prove that the "purpose or effect" of the local's defrocking him "was to chill or inhibit his free-speech rights" and those of other union members.

The court of appeals made clear that it did not think Newman could prove any such thing, but it sent the case back to Judge Knapp "for further proceedings not inconsistent with this opinion."

AROUND THE COUNTRY, dissident rank-and-file cadres within diverse unions were much disheartened by this decision. On the other hand, it is reported that the legal department of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters assembled an enthusiastic memorandum on the fall of Dave Newman and sped it to all its locals. And in Chicago, following the glad tidings from the court of appeals, the leadership of an International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers local kicked several elected stewards out of office because they had been using their rights of assembly and speech to campaign against certain incumbent union officials.

Back in Judge Whitman Knapp's district court, there was a two-day evidentiary hearing, with "live" testimony. (Until that point, the decisions of both Knapp and the court of appeals had been based entirely on affidavits and exhibits.) With the record of testimony before him, Knapp once again ordered the union to put Dave Newman back into his job.

Carefully addressing himself to the two tests the court of appeals had set up, Knapp said: "The testimony establishes that Newman's views did not preclude him from performing his duties and effectively acting as a representative of the Local . . . He fairly explained . . . the leadership's position on policies with which he happened to disagree." He ruled also that the local surely did intend to inhibit the free speech of Newman and other members of the local. The president of the local, Knapp emphasized, "has announced an unalterable policy whereby no member can serve as a job steward without utterly renouncing the right to publish matter critical of the Local's leadership . . . Thus, although members retain the legal right to speak in opposition to the union, they know that if they are too sharp in their public criticism, they will not be certified [by the union] as stewards." And therefore, he added, they will never have a shot at higher union offices.

Most unions are no more sensitive to free speech than many employers.

Knapp then went to the fundamental consequences of the case. If Newman were to be kept out of office, "the leadership will be able to insulate itself to all but the most tame and ineffectual criticism and from any serious challenges to their offices from those holding different points of view. We believe that [the Landrum-Griffin Act] was designed precisely to prevent such a result."

Local 1101 has, of course, appealed

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once more, and the court of appeals is likely to make up its mind again in early winter. Whatever the decision, there will be a further appeal to the Supreme Court, which then may finally determine how freely a union member and officer can speak against his union without penalty.

If Newman wins all the way, he will have strengthened such dissident rank-and-file cadres throughout the country as Teamsters for a Democratic Union, the Independent Skills Trade Council of the United Auto Workers, and the Carpenters Rank and File Forum of San Jose, all of which have been supporting his case.

But a Newman victory would have other implications, for if the High Court rules that a *statute* can really guard union members against the union leadership with protections similar to those of the First Amendment, what about other statutes that might protect the free-speech rights of workers against management?

CIVIL LIBERTIES IN THE workplace is a frontier issue involving more and more officials of the American Civil Liberties Union. One of them is Ira Glasser, newly elected executive director of the ACLU. Last year, while he was still head of the ACLU's New York affiliate, Glasser began to work out a serious approach toward bringing the equivalent of the Bill of Rights into the workplace. And that approach is by statute.

The ACLU, Glasser pointed out, has supported federal, state, and local laws barring discrimination by private employers on the basis of race and sex. So why not push now for statutes that would prohibit discrimination by private employers based on outside political activity, on posting circulars and the like in the shop, and on other exercises of free speech?

One objection from some libertarians might be that since the essence of the First Amendment is to *prevent* the state from interfering with the speech and writings of the citizenry, the Glasser approach paradoxically gives the state *more* power in this area by involving it as an enforcement agency against private employers. Or, as one former boss of mine shouted, "I got free-speech rights too! And I'm telling you, if you don't like the way we do things around here, you can leave!"

On the other hand, even in suits against the state on traditional First Amendment grounds, another arm of the state—the courts—has the power of decision. In another paradox, you can't get away from the state if you want to protect free speech.

Unless one takes the position that a private employer owns—or hires—all the spoken thoughts of his workers so long as they're at the workplace and has the right to banish any speech he doesn't want to hear because it's *his* place, this question needs much more probing than it has yet received. I would welcome responses from readers on the Glasser approach, some other approach, or arguments for no approach at all to civil liberties in the private workplace.

There is yet another way. If a shop is organized, it is possible for a union to include in a collective bargaining agreement clauses preventing the boss from penalizing a worker for exercising free-speech rights. This seldom happens, since most unions are no more sensitive to civil liberties than are employers. But it can work. For example, in 1976, eight employees arrived at a plant in Arkansas wearing T-shirts proclaiming a political message: vote against the right-to-work referendum in the coming election. Management personnel told the eight to either cover up the shirts or change into something else.

In what some would like to think is still the free-born heritage of Americans, the workers refused to obey and were sent home with loss of pay. Their labor organization, the United Auto Workers, filed a grievance. The arbitrator ordered the company to reimburse the eight walking billboards for their lost pay, pointing out that their wearing the T-shirts would not have interfered with production. And—in terms of free speech itself—the union contract with the company has an employees' rights section which protects such work-enlivening phenomena as those T-shirts.

However, this route is not heavily traveled. Most unions do not bargain hard, or at all, for the free-speech rights of their members. Furthermore, only about one in five workers in the land is represented by a union. If the rest are to have civil liberties at work, they won't be able to get the equivalent of the First Amendment through the door by themselves.

Of course, some might say most workers don't care one way or another. And that's possible. If you haven't experienced liberty, you can't very well miss it.

POLITICS

TOM CONRAD

Reviving the draft

IF SENATOR SAM NUNN HAS his way, every red-blooded American boy and girl will have to submit to mass registration, military testing, "counseling," and a pre-induction physical examination upon turning 18 years old. The Georgia senator, who chairs the Senate Armed Services Subcommittee on Manpower and Personnel, has never been a fan of the all-volunteer force, and his plan for the lock-step registration of 18-year-olds is the first move toward resuming the draft.

Nunn used committee hearings this year as a forum to lambaste the Pentagon's volunteer experiment and promote a modified system of conscription. The conservative senator contends that the volunteer army "may fail to provide an adequate foundation for the future national security needs of our nation."

After five years, the volunteer force cannot be written off as a total failure, but it falls far short of the glowing prognostications its proponents made at the time the experiment was launched. Since the draft was suspended, the United States has been able to maintain a sizable force on a voluntary basis. Recruitment shortfalls have occurred, but year-end enlistment targets have generally been achieved.

Measured by other indicators, the volunteer force has been closer to a disaster than a success. The Pentagon's recruitment campaign relies on notoriously misleading claims and promises to snare enlistees. One indi-

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cation of the resulting dissatisfaction and turmoil in the ranks is the attrition rate, which has been astonishingly high: nearly 4 out of 10 recruits are separated before the end of their first term of enlistment. Large numbers of these recruits leave the military under "adverse conditions" that affect their prospects for civilian employment. The rate of unauthorized absences and desertions continues at unbelievably high levels. The navy's rate—highest in its history—surpasses even the Vietnam-era levels. In 1977, four years after U.S. troops left Vietnam, there were over 130,000 incidents of AWOL enlistees and of desertion—some 357 cases per day.

Despite predictions that a volunteer force would provide a balanced mix of enlistees with an even distribution of racial, class, and educational backgrounds, Nunn worries that the volunteer force relies heavily on poor, minority, and undereducated recruits to fill its ranks. Forty-four percent of those who entered the volunteer force in 1977 did not have a high-school diploma. Only 5 percent had had any college experience at all. The increasing number of minority recruits continues to generate criticism and controversy. By 1977, more than one-third of the people entering the enlisted ranks were from minority groups. But experts say that the armed services would have a similar racial composition if there were a draft.

MOST OF THE ARGU- ments for and against the volunteer army have already been debated. But there is a grim, little-discussed reason for the renewed calls for a draft. Pentagon planners now estimate that a conventional land war in Europe between NATO and Warsaw Pact forces would be far more vicious than they have previously believed. The possibility of U.S. deployment of the neutron bomb, the likelihood that binary nerve weapons would be used in a European conflict, and the development by West Germany of a new BD-1 conventional "iron bomb" which reportedly "has the force of a small nuclear warhead," all indicate that a future war would be more deadly than any before it. "There will be massive destruction on both sides, requiring earlier delivery of replacements," according to one congressional military analyst. As a result of the higher casualty estimates, the Pentagon has made new demands of the Selective Service System, requiring the agency to furnish inductees to the military twice as fast as previously projected. Until now, Selective Service was expected to deliver 100,000 new soldiers 150 days after mobilization. Pentagon plans, revised in light of new battlefield casualty estimates, now call for the delivery of 100,000 inductees only 60 days after mobilization and 650,000 within six months.

Senator Nunn's proposal is only one indication of the growing congressional sentiment in favor of conscription. This year a House Armed Services Committee panel recommended a program of mass registration which, in the words of one proponent, would signal to American youth "that the price of freedom is founded upon a commitment of sacrifice." When the question of appropriations for Selective Service came up this summer on the Senate floor, Senator Robert Morgan (D.-N.C.) offered an amendment to increase fiscal year 1979 funding to $17 million.

Morgan was not alone in calling for increased funding for the agency. Senator Barry Goldwater, who in days past was one of the sharpest critics of the draft, switched sides and joined the pro-draft conservatives. "I think we are going to wind up with a draft whether we like it or not and it is time now to start working on it," said the Arizona Republican. Goldwater wants a stepped-up program of registration, "so that if we go into a draft, we do not have to waste seven or eight months finding where the bodies are."

The Morgan amendment mandating mass registration did not carry, but the pro-draft forces are gathering strength and will be back next year at budget time. The Senate did approve President Carter's request for an increase in Selective Service funding to $9.5 million. The House voted $7 million for Selective Service and a joint House-Senate committee is expected to work out a compromise that will satisfy both sides. Regardless of what figure is agreed upon, the debate over reinstituting the draft is far from over.

THE MOST ALARMING SIG- nal of the approach of registration is the growth of the draft machinery itself. Once a giant agency which has been shunted into "deep standby," the Selective Service System is now staging a startling comeback from obscurity. In fiscal year 1979, the Selective Service System is planning a major shift into a more aggressive role. The proposed 1979 budget of $9.5 million, though modest in some respects, represents a 40 percent increase, and it will allow the agency to resume an "active standby" posture.

A major element of the growth of the Selective Service System is the slated expansion of its field operations, which will include doubling the number of "Mobilization Training Headquarters" to 10 new "Regional Readiness Headquarters." The agency is launching an ambitious, comprehensive program of mobilization-planning activities, and, according to one spokesman, nearly 200 more reservists will be added to the existing military field staff of 735. Fifty-six new provisional state directors have been appointed by President Carter in the last year. At least some of the new field staffers will spend their time cultivating contacts in communities across the nation, recruiting "friends and neighbors" to serve on local draft boards. The agency plans to rely heavily on former members who weathered the unpopular Vietnam War years. They will con-

stitute a loyal core of "citizen-volunteer" board members. "We believe a large number of those eligible will respond affirmatively and will be appointed. All elements of the system will be actively involved in this effort," said one agency report. The Selective Service System plans to train newly recruited board members immediately so they can swing into operation efficiently in the event of a national mobilization.

During the coming year, the agency will be working to hone its plan for a mass registration down to the smallest detail. Sometime during the next few months, registration forms will be shipped out for "pre-positioning." Plans for reactivating the draft vary from state to state. Mail-back forms will likely be used in states with large, hard-to-reach rural populations, but the agency is leaning toward in-person registration wherever possible. The most likely sites are schools (which offer a captive audience) and other public places, including polling stations, churches, libraries, and city halls.

This year the draft machinery was tested in a simulation exercise, "Nifty

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Nugget/MOBEX 78," which was the "first major defense mobilization in which the Selective Service System is participating," according to the assistant secretary of defense for manpower and reserve affairs. The Pentagon declined to elaborate on its plan for Nifty Nugget/MOBEX 78 "for reasons of operational security," but it is known that the exercise was a nationwide effort based on a simulated wartime scenario—probably conflict in central Europe. The war game was a major undertaking involving all the armed services and several departments of the government, presumably including the intelligence agencies and the Office of Emergency Preparedness. A Selective Service System spokesman admitted that the agency staged a simulated emergency reactivation of the system, involving mass registration, classification, and processing of inductees as a part of the practice alert. "MRE 78," another mobilization readiness exercise held this fall by the Selective Service System, had a similar purpose.

A *PEACETIME DRAFT* would be hard to sell to the American people. While an early return to an outright draft is unlikely, the step-by-step reintroduction of some elements of conscription, perhaps in a nonmilitary guise, is more possible now than it has been in five years. Some leading critics of the volunteer force think that a national-service scheme with compulsory registration would win public support.

One such plan—commissioned by Senator Nunn—was unveiled at hearings of the Senate Armed Services Committee last year by William King, a University of Pittsburgh manpower specialist. The national-service concept is not a new one, but King's study, *Achieving America's Goals: National Service or the All-Volunteer Armed Force?,* proposed a hybrid scheme of civilian service, including jobs and military training "opportunities," backed up by compulsory draft registration. King claims that his proposal would be "minimally coercive" but admits that the whole plan would be slanted to provide incentives for enlistment in the armed forces. "A national service program with a back-up draft will ensure that crucial defense manpower needs are met in the event of shortage and/or national emergency," says King. "Even minimally coercive voluntary national service would give the military the opportunity to provide substantive information about military careers to all prospective recruits."

With high levels of youth unemployment—particularly among minorities—it would be easy to put this type of plan over. This year again a Senate Armed Services Committee panel gave the spotlight to another defense manpower analyst, Charles Moskos, who argued in favor of national service. The Moskos plan would be voluntary, but benefits would be tilted in favor of the military. Using a carrot-and-stick approach, it would link service in combat arms of the military to future eligibility for government employment or educational opportunities.

With the growth of the Selective Service System and the chorus of calls in favor of national registration, the draft issue is likely to resurface during coming months. A fundamental question, but one that is seldom posed, lurks beneath debate over the draft and the volunteer force: why does the United States keep over 2 million men and women under arms in peacetime? Years after Vietnam, the United States still maintains an enormously destructive armed force poised to launch operations around the globe at a moment's notice. Our bloated force structure is based on a policy of global interventionism that has little to do with national defense, and the renewed calls for the draft rest on the assumption that our military force should remain at its present inflated levels or, if possible, become larger.

The urgency surrounding calls for the draft and the allegations about our lack of preparedness are symptomatic of the resurgent Cold War, "get-tough" attitude that marks the political scene today. If saber-rattlers like Senators Nunn and Goldwater are successful with their scare tactics, a back-up draft can't be far away. If proponents of national service can successfully inveigle enough liberal support, a seemingly benign scheme of semicompulsory or even mandatory national service could be in store for the nation.

Either development would be a move in the wrong direction. Putting the Selective Service System on a wartime footing and expanding our mobilization capability are belligerent acts that will endanger national security and prospects for peace. Such measures would undoubtedly escalate tensions, and they would be perceived as a threat by the Soviets, who could then be expected to respond in kind.

Just as important, reviving conscription in whatever guise would once again expose our young people to the pressures of government regimentation and channeling. Upon them would be thrust the often unequal burdens of service and sacrifice. And once more, it would be our youngest citizens who would be forced to make the kind of painful moral choices that so agonized the lives of the Vietnam generation. ❑

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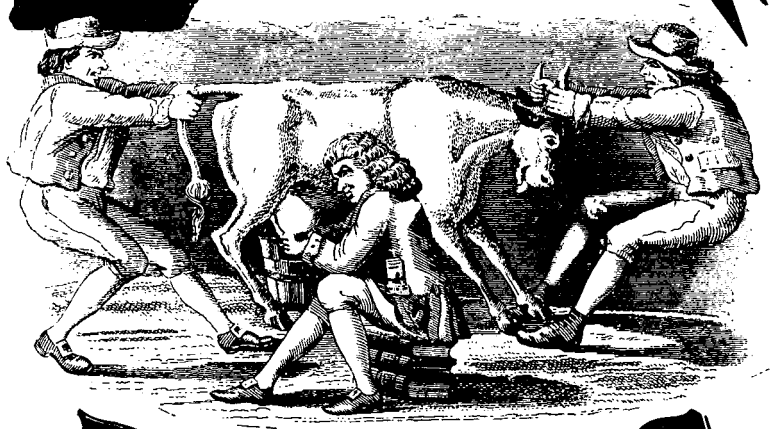
How the dairy lobby buys friends and favors in Carter's Washington.

MILKING THE PUBLIC



By MICHAEL MCMENAMIN & WALTER MCNAMARA

RARELY SINCE THE DAYS OF HERBERT Hoover has Washington seen a President who has offended more and accomplished less than Jimmy Carter. One of his advisers recently admitted to the *Wall Street Journal* that Carter has offended "just about every" important interest group: labor, business, environmentalists, blacks, cities, and suburbs. And he might have added doctors, lawyers, and most farmers as well.

Conspicuously absent from that list is one of the most influential interest groups, one Carter has, coincidentally, made quite happy. This January, while their fellow farmers drove tractors down Pennsylvania Avenue and herded animals up the steps of the Capitol, the nation's dairymen sat at home, warm and content. And for good reason. Thanks to the cozy relationship the dairy lobby enjoys with the Carter administration, the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) last year passed an 11 percent increase in the level of federal milk price supports, gouging $1.2 billion from consumers and delivering it to dairy farmers.

The dairymen owe this victory to organization and money. Especially money. You don't find the dairy lobby driving tractors or herding animals through the streets of Washington. When dairy farmers want another subsidy from the federal government, they go to Capitol Hill quietly and smoothly, with well-paid lobbyists and lawyers carrying briefcases full of money. Next to the American Medical Association, the dairy lobby gave more campaign contributions to House and Senate candidates in 1976 than any other interest group—over $1.3 million. More than the AFL–CIO, the United Auto Workers, the maritime unions, the oil and gas lobby, or the education lobby. And the dairy lobby has been helping politicians for years, at times even allowing its generosity to spill outside the law. In the early 1970s, it was the dairy lobby whose money paid for the break-in at the offices of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist; the dairy lobby whose money went in illegal campaign contributions to the presidential campaigns of Lyndon Johnson,

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Hubert Humphrey, Wilbur Mills, and Richard Nixon, and to the Senate campaigns of Richard Clark (D.-Iowa.), Edmund Muskie (D.-Maine), James Abourezk (D.-S.D.), Hubert Humphrey (D.-Minn.), Mike Monroney (D.-Okla.), and Henry Bellmon (R.-Okla.); the dairy lobby whose money was responsible for the attempted bribery of John Connally, the conviction of Hubert Humphrey's campaign manager, and a host of other political scandals.

The dairy lobby consists, in major part, of the political action committees of the nation's three largest dairy cooperatives, to which members of the cooperatives are required to contribute. As John Connally explained it to Richard Nixon in the privacy of the Oval Office:

> These dairymen are organized; they're adamant, they're militant. They, uh, very frankly, they tap these fellows—I believe it's one-third of one percent of their total sales or $99 a year whichever . . . Oh, it's a checkoff. No question . . . And they, they're massing an enormous amount of money that they're going to put into political activities, very frankly.

In Washington, the dairy lobby's mouthpiece is the National Milk Producers Federation. Although it doesn't have money of its own to give away, it is the trade association to which virtually all dairy cooperatives belong.

To understand why the dairy lobby exists, it helps to know that the production of Grade A raw milk in this country (i.e., the unprocessed kind that comes from cows) is controlled by a number of regional milk cartels (called "federal milk marketing orders"), which are formed through the assistance of and administered by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. There is no free-market price for raw milk produced by dairy farmers who belong to these cartels. Instead, the Department of Agriculture fixes a minimum price—far above what a free-market price would be—which dairies must pay to dairy farmers operating within the cartel areas. Milk price supports—the announced price at which USDA will purchase all unsold (surplus) milk—play a major role in keeping cartel prices artificially high.

The purpose of the dairy lobby is to keep things just the way they are. Most dairy farmers are quite pleased with the current state of affairs. As one prosperous dairy farmer recently conceded to *Business Week*, dairy farmers are better off than most other farmers in the country, and they intend to "remain satisfied."

RICHARD NIXON CERTAINLY KEPT THE dairy lobby satisfied. Indeed, Nixon kept them so satisfied that his treasury secretary, John Connally, stood trial (and was acquitted) on bribery charges to which dairy co-op employees had already pleaded guilty; his agriculture secretary, Clifford Hardin, was almost indicted by the Watergate grand jury because of his role in the 1971 milk price-support increase (which resulted in massive dairy contributions to Nixon's reelection campaign); and Nixon himself was so embarrassed by his generous treatment of the dairy lobby that he refused to turn crucial White House tapes and documents on the milk fund scandal over to the House Judiciary Committee—a refusal that subsequently became one of the Judiciary Committee's impeachment counts against him.

The Ford administration, however, was not nearly as friendly to dairy farmers. Ford's Justice Department had proposed deregulating in phases federal price controls for raw milk, eliminating federal price-support programs for milk, and revising the antitrust laws to prohibit certain sorts of mergers of dairy farmer cooperatives. Ford's opposition to the power of the dairy lobby extended beyond his Justice Department. Three times during his two years in the White House, Ford successfully vetoed milk price-support legislation that would have cost consumers an additional $1.4 billion a year.

In 1976, Jimmy Carter saw these vetoes as a campaign issue he could capitalize on. Helping him see the light was the $126,000 the dairy lobby was contributing to him and to the Democratic National Committee. Faced with a tight race in Wisconsin that fall, Carter found it easy to disagree with Ford over milk support prices. Less than a week before the election, Carter, Wisconsin Senator Gaylord Nelson, and Wisconsin Representative David Obey sent a letter to Wisconsin dairy farmers promising that "a Carter-Mondale administration simply would not allow a situation" like Ford's vetoes of bills that would have raised dairy price-support levels to 85 percent of parity. Wisconsin was critical to Carter's campaign strategy, and his tactic worked: departing from their usual Republican voting habits, northern Wisconsin dairymen supported Carter over Ford, thereby giving Carter an upset victory.

Carter's Wisconsin victory proved to be costly for American consumers. After less than three months in office, Carter presented the bill: $1.2 billion in increased retail milk prices.

The bill collector was Robert Selmer Bergland, Carter's secretary of agriculture. Described by editorialists as rabidly pro-farmer, Bergland has himself been a farmer. He was also a minor bureaucrat in the U.S. Department of Agriculture until he was elected to Congress in 1970 from Minnesota's seventh district. After the presidential election in 1976, he was rescued from congressional obscurity at the

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urging of Vice President Walter Mondale (himself no stranger to large dairy-lobby contributions), neatly fulfilling Jimmy Carter's campaign pledge to appoint a farmer as secretary of agriculture.

In April 1973, Bergland was delegated to face a hostile press conference and deliver Carter's less-than-pleasant news about his plan to take approximately $1.2 billion from consumers (by increasing the milk price-support level to 83 percent of parity) and deliver the money to dairy farmers to pay off his Wisconsin campaign promise. Bergland's job wasn't made any easier when the President's own Council on Wage and Price Stability publicly advised Carter that the current milk support price (75 percent of parity) was too high and that any increase was "likely to have a significant inflationary impact and may impose substantial costs on consumers of dairy products and taxpayers . . ." Carter thought otherwise. He was not going to be the first elected President in 40 years to let market considerations and consumer welfare override politics when it came to milk support prices. The increased cost to consumers of over a billion dollars a year was simply "one of those things that is considered acceptable," stated a Carter deputy assistant for policy analysis.

At his press conference, Bergland walked forward to face the reporters, got the bad news out promptly, admitted it was a political payoff, and then droned on with platitudes about the gouge being "necessary due to the very high costs of fodder and forage which had been brought about as a consequence of the drought" and that without a "modest price support increase," he expected to see heavy attrition among dairy farmers resulting in "extremely high prices" within a year or two. Bergland cited no studies, reports, forecasts, or guesses from any authoritative sources to support his questionable economic conclusions. In fact, available USDA research flatly contradicted him—USDA bureaucrats had predicted normal weather conditions and an *increase* in milk production without a price-support increase.

One reporter challenged Bergland: How was he going to justify the inflationary impact of the price increase to the Council on Wage and Price Stability? Well, snapped Bergland, he wasn't going to justify it to them. After all, Bergland tentatively suggested, the increased price supports would not affect the cost of milk to the consumer ("I can't imagine that there should be any substantial or noticeable increase of cost of milk to housewives as a result of this").

Bergland, clearly beyond his depth on economic matters, asked Sidney Cohen, chief of the dairy products branch of the USDA's commodity operations division to respond to further "technical" questions. Cohen, however, refused to support Bergland's story. He specifically stated that "there could be some impact at retail levels." The reporters smelled blood. Another question to Cohen: "It seems to me that I misunderstood. The secretary said that the increase would not be in the fluid milk area and you are saying that there will be an increase." Bergland quickly interrupted before Cohen could answer. "Maybe I am the one that made the mistake," said Bergland, trying to hold on to his rapidly fading credibility. "Let me ask," he said to Cohen, "is there a direct pass-through, penny for penny, in the fluid milk market even though this deals only with the manufactured milk market?"

Cohen, a respected dairy economist, was also an experienced bureaucrat. He had been with USDA back in March 1971, when Richard Nixon had made a similar political payoff to the dairy lobby. Cohen had not then and would not now prostitute his reputation for the political benefit of his boss. He flatly told the press there was a more direct relationship than Bergland had admitted. Upstaged by his aide, Bergland turned to the reporters, pleaded ignorance, and lamely allowed that Cohen was correct. Continued press interrogation of Cohen revealed that, indeed, the pass-through from wholesale to retail was roughly penny for penny.

BRUCE MCGILLIVRAY

CLEARLY, BERGLAND'S DECISION WAS entirely political. There were no public-policy considerations, nothing but a Carter political payoff. A payoff akin to Richard Nixon's 1971 milk price decision, which was prompted by the same two considerations, campaign cash and political supports. Indeed, Bergland had cared so little for the economic and public-policy considerations involved that he never took the time to be briefed by his staff on the basic details of how milk price supports operate. Highly placed USDA officials readily concede that Bergland's decision was based entirely on Carter's campaign promise and nothing more.

Illegal? You bet it is. Clifford Hardin, Nixon's agriculture secretary, had been under investigation by the Watergate special prosecutor for playing a similar role in 1971. Cases like this, which involve the state of mind of a government decision-maker, are difficult to prove (as the Watergate special prosecution force admitted in an internal memorandum on Hardin). And Bergland was fortunate in that, unlike Hardin, he never had to swear under oath regarding his actions and place himself in criminal jeopardy. Nevertheless, criminal liability aside, the law is clear that decisions on milk prices must be based on statutory criteria alone. Political campaign promises and gratitude for campaign

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contributions do not number among those criteria.

Some people seemed surprised in 1978 when Jimmy Carter, after giving dairy farmers much more than they wanted in 1977, took such a hard-nosed position on price supports for other farm commodities, most notably wheat and grain—particularly since his rigid position resulted in the much publicized, ultimately inconsequential, farmers' strike of 1978.

The main reason Bergland and Carter were able to successfully take a hard line with these wheat and grain farmers, of course, is that they aren't organized, cohesive, or powerful. Compared to the dairy lobby, wheat and grain farmers are politically impotent. Also, Carter is a peanut farmer who ran several peanut-connected businesses: a peanut shelling plant and warehouse, and a seed and fertilizer business. Peanut farmers have little in common with grain farmers and, given their extensive (and expensive) coddling by the federal government, have much more in common with dairy farmers. Even Earl Butz, who himself did many favors for the dairy lobby while he was Nixon's agriculture secretary, denounced the USDA's peanut subsidy program as "a vicious little monopoly." As in the case of milk, USDA subsidizes peanuts by setting a price-support level at which it will purchase all surplus peanuts not sold on the open market. As in the milk business, there are strict import controls for foreign peanuts (the support price in 1976, for example, was approximately $400 a ton—compared to a world price of $250 a ton). The government annually purchases approximately one-third of the peanut crop, some 600,000 tons, most of which is stored in warehouses and subsequently given away to needy nations, at a cost to American taxpayers of $155 million a year. Even though private purchasers could buy peanuts much cheaper abroad, USDA won't let them. They must buy U.S. peanuts.

Carter's decision to raise price supports was entirely political.

With such a guarantee, you would expect peanut farming to be a very popular business. And it is, particularly for those who are already peanut farmers. Many who would like to be peanut farmers, however, can't get in the business. Or at least if they do go into peanut farming without USDA's consent, they will not qualify for the support price and will have to take whatever the market will offer. USDA accomplishes this through the device of "allotments"; i.e., acreage on which peanuts can legally be planted in order to be eligible for the artificially high price paid by USDA's support program. Peanut allotments, understandably, are in short supply. They total only 1.6 million acres, the same as when the program was created in 1940. All the allotments are taken and are extremely difficult to buy from existing peanut farmers. "If you're in, you're in. If you're out, you can't get in," says Earl Butz.

Jimmy Carter is in. His 228-acre allotment was seven times as large as the national average. John Connally is also in, his 472-acre allotment being 14 times the national average. It should come as no surprise, therefore, that both Carter and Connally have, in their public careers, shown great understanding and sympathy on milk price supports. More than most politicians, they intuitively understand the importance of price supports to a farmer, peanut or dairy. In retrospect, therefore, it is obvious that when Jimmy Carter talked in the campaign about "reduc[ing] the tremendous increase in the price of farm goods from the farm to the consumer" and "closing the revolving door that exists between the Agriculture Department and the large special interests," he had something other than milk or peanuts in mind.

EARLY IN HIS ADMINISTRATION, HOWever, Carter threw the dairy lobby into a panic when he proposed appointing Carol Tucker Foreman as an assistant secretary of agriculture. On the surface, the dairy lobby had good reason to be worried. Foreman had been executive director of the Consumer Federation of America, the largest consumer group in the country. Appropriately, Foreman was the highest-paid consumer lobbyist in Washington and, by all accounts, one of the best. Bright, knowledgeable, and articulate, she knew what she was doing. Under her leadership, the Consumer Federation of America unanimously passed a resolution attacking the antitrust immunity of agricultural cooperatives, particularly those (like the large dairy cooperatives) possessing monopoly power.

And she didn't accord USDA the sacred-cow status to which it had long thought itself entitled. In one speech, she attacked both the USDA and the dairy lobby:

> The Capper-Volstead Act directs the Secretary of Agriculture to . . . hold a hearing and issue a cease and desist order if he has reason to believe that the cooperative has monopoly power . . .
>
> To my knowledge, the Secretary has never acted under this power. I think it's time somebody filed a suit to order the Secretary to carry out his functions as mandated by the Congress. Clearly the United States Department of Agriculture is not going to rush out and do this job, and let me assure you that if they did rush out and do a job, most of the consumers would not like it. The Department is not notorious for its high standing and credibility among American consumers.

Despite her views, Foreman accepted the appointment, and Carter made the appropriate pro-consumer noises after Foreman's Senate confirmation: "An innovative thing for the U.S. Department of Agriculture . . . She has complete freedom and direct instructions from me to be a strong and able advocate of consumer progress in the future."

But the dairy lobby soon breathed a collective sigh of relief. Why? Because Carter had given Foreman only half a job. The position she filled had in past administrations been "assistant secretary for marketing and consumer services." As such, it was a powerful one, because it had jurisdiction over all USDA marketing-order programs, from peanuts to milk. Carol Foreman (who, if Bob Bergland can be described as a "rabid pro-farmer," is most certainly a "rabid pro-consumer") would have been devastating in such a position. She understands market forces as well as supply and demand. She understands that federal milk regulation is a consumer rip-off designed to protect businessmen-farmers at the expense of the public.

But Jimmy Carter is not stupid. Having become a millionaire with the help and assistance of the USDA's peanut subsidy program, he did not become President to preside over the demise of the source of his personal wealth. And that's what might have happened if Foreman had been put in charge of USDA's market orders. So Carter and Bergland split the office of assistant secretary for marketing and con-

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sumer services into two positions: an assistant secretary for marketing services and an assistant secretary for consumer services. Foreman was limited to consumer services and wasn't allowed anywhere near the powerful marketing-services position. Foreman, knowledgeable in the ways of official Washington, knew all of this before she accepted the position. She may have thought she could do more from the inside, but, by accepting the job, she gave USDA a patina of consumerism which it neither desired nor deserved.

Nor has Carter's Justice Department given the dairy farmers any trouble. The Ford administration had been very strong on the subject of cooperative reform because of the many abuses by dairy cooperatives, particularly in the area of antitrust exemptions. That all changed when Carter took office. Griffin Bell's highly politicized Justice Department made sure Carter's friends—the dairy lobby—got the message. It was leaked to the press that the two antitrust-division lawyers who had been most publicly critical of exempting dairy cooperatives from the antitrust laws had been asked to resign. "There's a lot of merit," drawled Judge Bell in response to later questions about the sacking of the two, "in change for change's sake," a theme he would have reason to repeat many times in the future, particularly after firing Philadelphia U.S. Attorney David Marston.

ALL OF THIS SUITS THE DAIRY LOBBY just fine. Without an administration aggressively dedicated to cooperative reform and consumer welfare, Congress isn't about to do much on its own. If anything, left to its own devices, Congress is just tickled to go along with whatever new rip-off the dairy lobby has in mind. And why not? The dairy lobby has paid good money to elect the Congress it has, and it demands and receives good service. Listen to John Butterbrodt, former president of the nation's largest dairy cooperative, talking in 1974 about the symbiotic nature of the relationship between Congress and the dairy lobby:

> Money is the name of the game in getting political action. It's sad, it's cynical, but after election day fine dairy organizations not contributing to political campaigns really don't have any voice or representation in Congress. We dairy farmers and dairy industry leaders can talk here all we want about what should be done but unless Congress listens, nothing happens. What confronts us . . . is that apparently legislators won't listen to the people who elect them unless they cough up money.

It is instructive to see how well Butterbrodt's political theories about campaign financing and congressional action still work in the real world. Congress obligingly provided an excellent example in the Food and Agriculture Act of 1977, otherwise known as the "Omnibus Farm Bill."

The Omnibus Farm Bill was passed by both houses in September 1977, barely six months after the Carter-Bergland price-support payoff. Most farmers—particularly wheat and grain farmers—weren't happy with the bill. Indeed, they (correctly) believed that Jimmy Carter had betrayed his campaign promise to farmers that he would guarantee them prices equivalent to their "cost of production." Farm-state congressmen criticized the bill as "the worst farm program in 23 years" and "cruel and unusual punishment for wheat producers."

The dairy lobby, however, was pleased with the Omnibus Farm Bill. The previous *minimum* milk support price established by Congress had been 75 percent of parity, which was precisely where the Ford administration left it, even though it had discretion to go to 90 percent of parity. Congress upped the minimum to 80 percent of parity even though the Carter-Bergland price-support payoff had left government supplies of surplus milk at their highest level in more than 10 years.

As for what the dairy lobby's good fortune with Congress will cost taxpayers, estimates prepared by the Congressional Budget Office showed an increase in direct expenditures for the dairy support program of nearly $4 billion over the next five years to buy surplus milk that nobody else wants and that the government can't even give away. To achieve this raid on the U.S. Treasury, all the dairy lobby did was dole out $1,362,159 on congressional races in 1976, money that was carefully and productively spent.

It has been endlessly debated whether special interest groups are buying votes, influence, and access to legislators with their campaign contributions (as their detractors assert) or are merely supporting candidates who are ideologically attuned to positions favored by the interest group.

The dairy lobby gets good returns on the money it has spent.

Consider organized labor as an example. The Common Cause Campaign Finance Monitoring Project shows that in 1976, labor's ratio of contributions to incumbent congressmen as against their challengers was only 2.9 to 1, the lowest of any of the major special interests. The dairy lobby's ratio, on the other hand, was 7.3 to 1, far and away the highest ratio among all special interest groups. As evidenced by its support of challengers, labor obviously spends its money ideologically—to those candidates, challenger or incumbent, who share labor's views. Why else spend so much money on challengers who traditionally lose 9 times out of 10 anyway?

Not so the dairy lobby. It doesn't waste time with losers. Its money goes straight to incumbents. And that demonstrates its intent—the dairy lobby blatantly buys access *and* votes on the relatively few narrow economic issues with which it is vitally concerned.

The breakdown of the dairy lobby's contributions, compared with votes on the $4 billion price support rip-off, goes a long way toward explaining why the dairy lobby has walked away from this particular Congress wearing a big, wide grin: 6 senators received $10,000 or more; 11 senators received between $5000 and $9000; and 3 senators received between $2000 and $4500. All 20 senators who received these campaign contributions voted "yes" on the $4 billion rip-off in milk price supports.

The dairy lobby's money was equally well spent in the House: 20 representatives received $10,000 or more; 37 representatives received between $5000 and $9000; and 48 representatives received between $2000 and $4500. Ninety-six of the 105 representatives who received these campaign contributions voted "yes" on the $4 billion in milk price supports, and all of the 20 who received $10,000 or more voted "yes."

John Butterbrodt said it best: "Money is the name of the game in getting political action . . . Legislators won't listen to the people who elect them unless they cough up monev." When the dairy lobby talks, Congress listens. Jimmy Carter listens. And the public pays. ❏

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POLITICAL UPHEAVAL IN IRAN

BY EHSAN OMEED

A PERCEPTIVE OBserver of Iranian politics once called Iran a country of walls and mirrors. This description contains a metaphorical truth. The walls around and the mirrors inside Iranian homes symbolize the political and personal inheritance of a long history of invasion from without and oppression from within.

From without, Iranians have been visited by a host of colorful characters, including Alexander the Great, the early Arab caliphs, Genghis Khan, Lord Curzon, Russian and Bolshevik czars, the Dulles brothers, and the Kissinger-Helms team. From within, each shah's brutality in appropriating the country's resources, including men of fighting age, made his predecessor look good by comparison. Keeping this historical context in mind is imperative if one wants to understand the periodic rebellions of Iranians against tyranny.

During the past seven months the Iranians have once again taken to the streets in the hope of breaking the rusty chains of their political bondage. The uprisings began in the holy city of Qom in early January. They were sparked by the publication of an article in the semiofficial newspaper *Ettelaat* attacking Ayatullah Khumayni, the exiled high priest of the Shiites, the dominant Moslem sect in Iran. The religious leaders in Qom asked permission to publish their reply in the newspaper. When their request was denied, theology students in Qom staged a demonstration to protest the refusal, and the police responded by opening fire on the demonstrators.

Millions of Iranians are united in opposition to the shah. Far from being unthinking reactionaries, they favor true liberalization and an end to dictatorship.

Following the Qom incident, protests spread across the country, sustained by a variety of underground opposition groups. In Tabriz, demonstrators attacked banks and the offices of Rastakhiz, the only legal political party in Iran. On June 5, a general strike shut down many cities throughout the country, particularly Mashhad, Qom, and Tabriz. In the days and weeks following the strike, police and demonstrators clashed in more than 20 towns and cities, including the capital, Tehran. In Isfahan, army tanks and armored cars occupied the ancient city to put down demonstrators demanding the release of a clergyman arrested for anti-shah remarks.

In August, during the holy month of Ramadan, the demonstrations grew still larger and more defiant of the police. The death of an estimated 430 people in the Abadan theater arson shocked the entire society. The government immediately accused the religious opposition of setting the fire while the opposition elements unanimously blamed the secret police—SAVAK—for the tragedy. In a statement issued two days after the fire, Ayatullah Khumayni accused the regime of committing the crime in order to arouse the public against the protest movement; and Karim Sanjabi, a leader of the Unity of the National Front Forces, compared the arson with the Nazis' reputed role in the Reichstag fire.

On September 4, in the traditional celebration of *id al Fitr,* ending the Ramadan fast, an estimated 3 million people poured into the streets throughout the country, many of them chanting "shah *haramzadé ast*" ("the shah is illegitimate") and "Khumayni *azadé ast*" ("Khumayni is a freedom lover"). To complete this unprecedented show of solidarity the marchers danced with soldiers in the streets and showered them with rose petals. This was too much for His Majesty's royal nerves.

On Thursday, September 7, in a mood of panic (*Newsweek* quotes a palace insider describing the shah as "visibly shaken"), the shah called out his troops and tanks to enforce martial law and a dusk-to-dawn curfew for six months. The next day, on "Black Friday," hundreds of thousands of people took to the streets in defiance of the decree. The troops responded by indiscriminately machine-gunning the demonstrators. The massacre at Tehran's Jaleh Square was the most savage of the many Black Friday shoot-outs throughout the country. The demonstrators, with their bricks,

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sticks, and Molotov cocktails, had no chance against police weapons.

While the troops were gunning down demonstrators in the streets, SAVAK agents rounded up more than a thousand dissidents. The shah canceled his scheduled state visits to Romania and East Germany to consult his army commanders. In Washington, the State Department set up an emergency Iran Working Group, and President Carter called the shah to express his administration's total support for His Imperial Majesty and the royal "liberalization" drive.

Since the imposition of martial law, the troops and tanks have been patrolling the streets of the major cities to enforce the curfew. So far, scores of people have been shot to death for allegedly failing to heed orders to stop. In short, since the massacres of Black Friday, Iran has been in a state of siege. The opposition perceives the situation as the beginning of the end—the end of Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi's brutal reign and the downfall of the monarchy.

Casualty figures vary according to the source. The government is notoriously secretive about the true number of deaths and arrests in the streets. The semiofficial newspapers put the number of people killed since January by police or soldiers at below 500 and the number of wounded or arrested at around 5000. Opposition sources estimate the number of deaths is above 10,000 and the number of wounded or arrested around 50,000. Given the fact that the protests have been massive and sustained for nine months throughout the country, it is hard to take the accounts of the government-controlled newspapers seriously. Eyewitnesses at Jaleh Square put the number of killed and wounded in that one incident alone at more than 5000. In a police state like Iran there is simply no reliable way to make an accurate accounting of the regime's victims.

Iran's government-controlled press, after an initial news blackout on the demonstrations and killings, has systematically distorted the cause and nature of the mass protests. The government claims that the uprisings are instigated by a partnership of fundamentalist religious leaders and leftist elements in opposition to the shah's modernization programs; the shah himself, in an interview with *U.S. News and World Report* (May 22, 1978), cited the "strange phenomenon of the reactionary groups and the leftists working together." Semiofficial Iranian newspapers portrayed the protest in Qom as the work of the right-wing clergy and specifically accused the demonstrators of opposing the emancipation of women and the land-reform program. This distortion was manufactured to confuse the public and discredit the demonstrators.

Western reporters ignore the growth of a radical Shiite faith.

WHAT IRANIAN authorities ignore and Western reporters do not seem to understand is that during the past 10 years an unprecedented interest in a radical interpretation of the Shiite sect* of Islam has developed among politicized Iranians, particularly the new generation of theology students. The revolutionary priests of Latin America and the Christian Marxists of the West have always had their counterparts in the Islamic world. What is new in the current radical Shiite movement of Iran is its widespread appeal across classes to Iran's merchants of the bazaar, religious leaders, students, and professionals. For example, the government's expanding bureaucracy, deification of the monarchy, and imposition of Western models of development threaten the autonomous guilds, religious imagery, and Shiite popular culture of those whose lives center on the bazaar. In response to instructions from the shah's agents, groups of enthusiasts from the working classes have used the pretext of price-control laws to attack merchants who are not supporters of the government. As a result, discontented businessmen have joined lawyers, writers, and other professionals in forming their own independent associations, the nuclei around which the opposition movement has grown.

The current radical Shiite movement in Iran grew in the face of widespread disillusionment with Western reformism and Soviet Marxism—two of the main sources of opposition ideology in Iran for 50 years. Western reformism has gradually come to be judged as inapplicable to the conditions of the viciously class-ridden Iranian society; and Soviet Marxism has been associated with Soviet foreign policy, which has betrayed the interests of the Iranian people more than once since 1921.

The Shia doctrine has a long history in Iran of justifying social change. Shiite leaders actively supported the liberal 1906 constitution, for example. What is unique about the recent version of this tradition is the call to action against the established sociopolitical system. One group of the Shiite radicals has formed the Movement for the Liberation of Iran and works for the establishment of a socioeconomic order unburdened by a privileged elite. The leaders of this organization include the popular theologian Ayatullah Taleghani and Professors Mehdi Bazargon and Ezatollah Sahabi. Taleghani and Sahabi are now serving seven-year sentences at Evin prison. Bazargon has been in and out of prison a number of times during the past 20 years. A more dramatic development among the radical Shiites is the formation of an urban guerrilla group, the Mujahedeens of the People of Iran, committed to armed struggle as a necessary dimension of the new revolutionary movement in Iran.

The most creative and influential theoretician of this movement was Dr. Ali Shariati, a graduate of the Sorbonne in the sociology of religion. Upon his return to Iran in 1964 Shariati was arrested for his political activities in Europe and imprisoned for 10 months without trial. Two years later he secured a teaching position at the University of Mashhad, but the popularity of his radical interpretation of the Shia led to his dismissal from the university faculty. In Tehran in 1968 he gave a series of lectures on the regression of the Shia from the revolutionary religion of the oppressed to its

**Shia is the principal minority sect of Islam, composed of the followers of Ali, Mohammed's son-in-law, who regard the heirs of Ali as the legitimate successors to the Prophet. Iran is the only Moslem country whose population is predominantly Shiite. The success of the Shia faith in Iran reflects that country's rejection of Arab political domination. For centuries Shiite activists were persecuted by the Arab caliphs and often used Iran as a sanctuary in their flight from oppression.*

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corruption in the hands of the Safavid Dynasty (1500–1722), whose founder adopted Shia as the official state religion.

Shariati called upon the Shiites to revive and update the original revolutionary content of their religion. His analysis was so new and creative, so abstract and apolitical on the face of it, that it took the SAVAK six months to realize what he was doing. And even then, it was more the massive turnout of the university students at the Hussainieh Ershad, where the lectures were delivered, than a coherent understanding of Shariati's message that alarmed the SAVAK agents.

In his public lectures and writings Shariati did not directly mention the names of authorities or attack the present regime. He condemned the existing sociopolitical structure only by implication. He used metaphors and historical analogies to communicate his contemporary concerns. As a revolutionary Shiite scholar with an impressive knowledge of Western philosophy and history, Shariati was uniquely equipped to synthesize Western radical thought with Shiite tradition and doctrines. He contended that a truly Islamic society requires as a precondition the existence of an equitable system of production and distribution. However, his conception of equity was not limited to the material realm. He repeatedly argued that a society without a moral dimension, which is separate from and beyond the material structure, inevitably degenerates into dictatorial and fraudulent practices.

Shariati interpreted the Shia thought as a historic ideology of the oppressed. He presented the Shiite symbols as revolutionary images and transformed the Shiite martyrs into revolutionary heroes and models for contemporary political activists. Above all, he regarded radical sociopolitical action as the ultimate proof of one's faith. One must understand the emotional significance of the Shiite symbols and heroes for the Iranian people to fully appreciate Shariati's creative appeal for personal and social change. Shariati effectively articulated the growing conviction among the Iranian intelligentsia that the ideology of any progressive and lasting change in the degenerate sociopolitical structure of the country has to be rooted in the native history and values of the society.

In an essay on Abu Zar Qaffari, a disciple of the original Shiite leader *emam* Ali and perhaps the most socially conscious of Mohammed's early followers, Shariati compares this simple man with the anarchist Proudhon and humanitarian scientist Pasteur. Abu Zar rebelled against Othman, the third successor to Mohammed, and was subsequently tortured and expelled from Madinah. University students at the Hussainieh Ershad produced a successful play about the life of Abu Zar, which student groups at other universities later reproduced a number of times.

The SAVAK authorities were so baffled by Shariati's popularity that they asked a number of conventional Islamic scholars to study his writings in order to understand the reasons for their widespread appeal. In August 1973 Shariati was once again arrested and spent 18 months in prison without formal charges or trial. International pressure and the fact that Shariati's confinement stimulated public interest in his writings led to his release from prison. In late May 1977 Shariati managed to leave the country with the intention of coming to the United States. But he died of an apparent heart attack only days after his arrival in England. The unusual circumstances of his death gave rise to speculation of foul play by SAVAK agents.

The radical Shiites who demonstrate reject the legitimacy of the monarchy.

FOR MILLIONS OF Iranians, Ali Shariati has become a towering hero, a revolutionary martyr and philosopher. Shariati's writings are vast and diverse. His published works consist of about 20 books and more than 50 articles. His writings have been printed and reprinted openly and underground both inside and outside the country. The widespread and rapid distribution of his works is unprecedented in Iranian history. The general impact of his writings in such a short period of time is equally astonishing.

The recent antigovernment uprisings have been organized principally by the radical Shiites who reject the very legitimacy of the regime. Shariati's writings are the most important source of ideological inspiration for the radical Shiites.

There are a number of radical-progressive groups that are calling for expansion of the protest demonstrations and putting out propaganda literature against the regime. The most prominent of these groups are the Movement for the Liberation of Iran and the Unity of the National Front Forces, a newly formed coalition of three leftist-nationalist parties. The vast majority of demonstrators in the recent uprisings, however, are not members of any organization. They follow the dictates and proclamations of Ayatullah Khumayni, who from his 15-year exile in Najaf, Iraq, has declared war on the shah. It is undoubtedly Khumayni who has been the unifying leader of the ongoing demonstrations. But Khumayni's political message would not have been so effective, particularly among the younger generation, had it not been for the groundwork done by Shariati in his radical interpretation of the Shiite tradition.

The obvious purpose of all the protests has been to show total opposition to the shah. The demonstrators wish to end the institution of monarchy along with the rule of His Imperial Majesty. In an interview with *Le Monde*'s special correspondent Lucien George (May 6, 1978), Khumayni condemns the shah for distorting the intentions of the demonstrators. He rejects the shah's land reform for being deceptive and destructive of the farmers' interests. He asserts: "We want the kind of land reform that enables the farmers to fully benefit from the fruits of their own labor. We want to distribute the farms of the big landlords among those who actually make things grow on the land." In response to Lucien George's question concerning the shah's accusation that the Shiite leaders are against the emancipation of women, Khumayni declares: "We have never opposed the emancipation of women. Islam has always been against the objectification of the female. Men and women are equal and must be equally free to choose their own destiny and activity . . . The Shah's regime has destroyed the freedom of all Iranians, in-

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cluding the freedom of women. [The] Shah's prisons are filled with men and women alike." Many women have risked their lives to join public demonstrations against the regime.

Answering the question of what kind of political system the religious opposition to the shah desires, Khumayni explains: "Our ideal alternative is a genuine Islamic socio-political system, but at the present time we work for the establishment of a national government which is responsive to the needs and aspirations of the people. By a genuinely Islamic socio-political order we do not mean a system like the Ottoman Empire or the existing regime in Saudi Arabia. Our standards of genuineness come from the periods during which Prophet Mohammed and *emam* Ali were leading the Islamic community."

Contrary to the shah's claim and those who echo him in the American press, the radical Shiites are receptive to the progressive and universalistic aspects of Western civilization. According to Abdul Reza Hejazi, Khumayni's associate in Tehran, who spent two years in prison for writing a letter to Khumayni, "Islamic civilization and Western civilization can and should merge in order to create a better civilization for all. What we are against from the West is its colonialism in all its shapes and sizes." The radical Shiites are not the only ones who criticize the impact of cultural imperialism on Iranian society. Sociologist Ehsan Naraghi, a graduate of the Sorbonne, has the same concern as many progressive religious leaders: "We have stressed the material aspects of life and have lost our cultural identity." Even Amir Taheri, editor-in-chief of the largest semiofficial daily, *Kayhan*, has reached an unexpected boiling point: "What does this Westernize-or-else program give us? Western banks, Western guns, Western secret police, Western buildings. They are supposed to solve our problems. But do they? I don't think so. We need to get to our own culture and then use what can be integrated from the West."

His Majesty's liberalization policy is a public relations gimmick directed at those liberals in America who genuinely but naively believe that it is possible for the shah to develop some respect for human rights. No antigovernment newspaper is allowed. Even the censorship of the semiofficial dailies continues. No independent analysis of the protests is allowed. The shah permits absolutely no due process and no freedom of assembly. SAVAK regularly searches the homes of the suspected antigovernment activists. The universities are closed for months at a time, and student dormitories are routinely searched. The number of political prisoners has increased, torture is still routine, and the shadow of SAVAK continues to weigh heavily on the opposition. The shah's opponents want a return to the freedoms guaranteed by the 1906 constitution, not more phony talk of "liberalization." As one Iranian merchant who supports the Shiite radicals told Nicholas Gage of the *New York Times*, "We Shiites are different from other Moslems—we respect freedom. A sound society must have freedom, or what good is material progress? We don't want to live in a golden cage."

The shah's liberalization program is a gimmick to fool liberals in America.

The shah's latest appeasement move—his appointment of a new prime minister to deal with the crisis—conforms to the long tradition of Iranian monarchs juggling their obedient servants when confronted with popular challenge to their power. The new prime minister, Jaafer Sharief-Emami, is chairman of the Pahlavi Foundation. He has also been president of the Iranian Senate for 15 years. Half of the senate's 60 members are officially appointed by the shah and the other half are unofficially "elected" by him. It is not hard to imagine how independent the president of such an organization can be.

The truth is that the office of Iranian premiership has long ceased to be an independent source of power. The shah chooses cabinet ministers and controls them for all practical purposes. Under the reign of Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, the "transfer of power" in the office of premiership is like replacing one bowing statue with another. The differences are at best stylistic.

IT SHOULD NOT BE DIFFICULT to recognize that the recent demonstrations in Iran are caused by economic depredations and a sense of moral outrage against the irrationalities and brutalities of the shah's regime. The ideological motivations of the demonstrators are more indigenous and authentic than ever before in the 75-year-old confrontation between the absolute monarchy and the radical-progressive opposition. In an unprecedented fashion, the opposition elements are united in street actions and are moving toward a formal united national liberation movement.

The American press is distorting the realities of this historic confrontation. Newspapers ignore the use by the Iranian police of U.S.–made weapons, equipment, and specialized intelligence and counterinsurgency training against the demonstrators. They hardly mentioned the role of some 50,000 Americans living in Iran, most of them engaged in military-related activities ["White-Collar Mercenaries," *INQUIRY*, Oct. 30, 1978]. Could it be that the Iranian people are unhappy about the shah becoming the deputy sheriff of the United States in the Persian Gulf? Could it be that people who face food shortages and other economic hardships resent the squandering of their resources on military hardware which will soon be obsolete? We do not read about these issues and questions in the dispatches sent from Iran. All we are told is that the demonstrations are the work of reactionary religious fanatics who oppose the shah's liberalization drive.

In reality, the shah has left the active opposition no choice but violent confrontation with his armed men. The shah does not enjoy the deaths and arrests in the streets of Iranian cities. But as he is unwilling to tolerate true liberalization, the shah necessarily relies on violence to protect his rule. As Ali Asghar Hadj-Sayd-Javadi, who has been aptly described as "Iran's Sakharov," has written: "The people of Iran, considering their absolute deprivation of legal supports according to the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, have no way out except to resort to the final means to liberate themselves from the oppression and injustice of the authoritarian regime of Iran." ❑

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***THE WORLD ECONOMY: History and Prospect*, by W. W. Rostow. University of Texas Press, 833 pp., $34.50.**

***GETTING FROM HERE TO THERE: America's Future in the World Economy*, by W. W. Rostow. McGraw-Hill, 271 pp., $14.95.**

Walt Rostow's brave new world

JONATHAN HUGHES

OF THE ECONOMISTS WHO have written on economic history, only a few have had a world-historical view. Most have been specialized by country, time period, or particular industry. In the previous generation, J. M. Keynes, Joseph Schumpeter, Folke Hilgerdt, Wladimir Woytinsky, and Karl Polanyi were perhaps the most renowned in the field of world economic history. W. W. Rostow has followed in that tradition, sharing it with others—all very senior now—such as Simon Kuznets, Alexander Gerschenkron, Sir John Hicks, and Charles Kindleberger.

For some, the world view results from age and experience (Hicks, a renowned theorist, was in his midsixties when he published *A Theory of Economic History* in 1969). But a few scholars have pursued "the empire of the world" nearly their entire careers. So it has been with Rostow. His books, beginning with the seminal and highly respected *British Economy of the Nineteenth Century* (1948), have aspired to universality in subject matter and analysis. By now, many books later, he is a school in himself. *Getting From Here to There* and *The World Economy* are the latest in a continuous, lifelong effort. No matter how deeply one disagrees with him over matters of fact and interpretation, when Rostow speaks as an economic historian, on his own subject, his voice commands respect.

But like so many economists who have enlisted their talents in the service of the state, Rostow has suffered a kind of intellectual eclipse in the past few years; the very events which elevated his fame far beyond academic circles now conspire against him. The memory of 1960–1968, when he counseled at the apex of American political power, makes many younger scholars wish they had heard the last of this man. He was the second real-life holder, after McGeorge Bundy, of "The Dr. Strangelove Chair of National Security" at the White House, more recently occupied by Professors Kissinger and Brzezinski. It is necessary to mention this past explicitly, because Rostow's conclusions are meant to be considered by statesmen as well as scholars. The lessons of history are a key to the future, as Rostow himself emphasizes, and it is important to realize that this is not the first time he

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has offered us his services as a guide.

These two books are really companion works. *The World Economy* is a research product of huge proportions, complex in structure and detail, a book for professionals, yet yielding fairly simple and straightforward conclusions. *Getting From Here to There* is for the general reader, and utilizes the major findings of *The World Economy* for an extended, and easily accessible, excursion into the future as Rostow sees it.

The World Economy is in part an application of an intellectual technology relatively unknown among the new generation of economists. Rostow deploys long-term patterns of economic growth and cyclical fluctuations, including the 40–50 year Kondratieff long cycle. This material is applied to current problems of growth and development, and thereby provides a peek into the future, via Rostow's famous construct in his book of the late 1950s, *The Stages of Economic Growth* (1958).

This whole endeavor poses a problem for Rostow. There is a danger that *The World Economy* will not be read, at least not by younger professionals. They will simply not know the language. It is now nearly 1980, not the post-World War II era. The ideal reader of *The World Economy* would be a senior economist of mature years who is already familiar with National Bureau of Economic Research cycle-dating techniques, and perhaps some of the history of "business cycles." Such a reader would also know of Schumpeter's Kitchin, Juglar, and Kondratieff cycle-growth sequence (1939), as well as the economic mechanisms of innovation in the private sector propelled by entrepreneurial motivation that were central to Schumpeter's analysis. This reader would have to be able to grasp the rest of Rostow's recipe: his idea of leading-sector growth (from his book, *The Process of Economic Growth*, 1953), together with more recent contributions to theories of economic development by leading economists. One would have to add a dash of demography, and the ability to see how the whole thing is held together by Rostow's simply enormous effort in comparative economic history.

SUCH ARE THE INGREdients of The World Economy. It is a book of immense intellectual scope. The footnotes alone (pp. 719–812) are virtually a separate book of erudition, criticism, and commentary. In my opinion *The World Economy* is a more ambitious and complex work than *Growth and Fluctuation of the British Economy 1790–1850*, which Rostow wrote with Anna Schwartz and the late A. D. Gayer, and which was perhaps the previous record-holder for complexity in modern works on economic history. Unlike that book, however, *The World Economy* is readable throughout. In addition to the sweeping analysis of long-term growth (363 pages), there are mini-histories of 20 countries (187 pages), snugly fitted within Rostow's analytical scheme of growth stages and leading sectors.

All this may sound prosaic, but it actually is not, because Rostow here is again, as in his younger days, the audacious intellectual risk-taker. This time he sets his conclusions for *The World Economy* and all of *Getting From Here to There* on a single, blindingly simple analytical construct: The world economy is now in the beginning stages of a long-term growth cycle called the fifth Kondratieff upswing, which he says began in the mid-1970s. For all countries, this construct poses a new set of imperatives. Population growth in the Third World must be better controlled; world trade, foreign aid, and foreign investment must be revitalized and given direction. The industrial nations of the economically developed world must be the heart of the new expansion. To fulfill their historic mission, they must pull up their collective socks. Problems of "energy shortage," raw materials, and new technologies will not be solved, as in the past, by reliance on the free market, in the main, together with some neo-Keynesian fiscal-monetary policy mix, or whatever. All that, Rostow finds, is now irrelevant.

The key to the future is government-guided and government-financed investment. The needed technologies must be identified and produced, with the rights and interests of persons in all other sectors necessarily constrained. No time for them now. Governments must:

> assume responsibility, over a significant range, for the pattern of investment as well as its aggregate scale. . . . The advanced nations will live, if they are successful, in a setting somewhere between a mixed Keynesian welfare economy and a war economy. . . . for good or ill, governments are so inextricably enmeshed in the sectors on which both full employment and structural adjustment depend that the necessary alternations in the pattern of investment will not occur without conscious government policy. . . . *We shall have to think our* way through the fifth Kondratieff upswing.

Who is to lead this great act of collective will? Why, the United States, of course. We have "the responsibilities . . . within the world arena . . ." The United States has potentially ". . . a national capacity to act significantly . . . a capacity to define common objectives in ways that are not necessarily self-serving . . . to help translate those objectives into a working agenda, and to help move it forward with dogged stubbornness."

When it comes to policy proposals, it is on such exalted levels that Rostow's analysis and interest are focused. Such mundane issues as inflation, stagnation, stagflation—these seem mainly trivial sideshows that distract from and hinder the march into the future. For Rostow, as for most advocates of state activism, there is no connection between government action and inflation, no link between deficits, the supply of money, and rising prices. Inflation in the 1970s is caused by the "pathology" of wage-push forces. Control of this would be trivially simple if only sufficient government power were available. The correct policy is "a protracted wage freeze, accompanied by strong, credible measures to ensure that increases in productivity are passed along to the consumer in lower prices. Ultimately what is involved is . . . a coming together of labor, business, and government to achieve a common goal."

The agenda for a classically corporate state? Will anyone object? What would happen to those who did?

On the economic level, Rostow's

Rostow was a holder of the Dr. Strangelove chair of National Security.

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analysis skirts such issues as the fiscal and monetary fuel of inflation, the rights of workers to bargain with employers for wages, and the rights of producers to a net return determined by their own actions in the markets. He also ignores the USSR, China, and the rest of the Communist world in his scenario of the future, although he carefully examines their past. Because they do not now fully participate in the world economy, they have no place in Rostow's future, where the Third World "transits" to advanced technologies via ties to the developed countries, all guided by the light of governmental planning and wisdom. What of the survival of freedom and democracy? "The sooner effective public action is taken to come to grips with the array of problems posed by the fifth Kondratieff upswing, the fewer the restrictions on freedom government will have to impose."

All such conclusions and prescriptions are entirely consistent with the Rostow of 1960–1968, the superhawk of the Vietnam War. His views on "the United States in the world arena" have not changed since his book by that title appeared in 1960. The subsequent catastrophic decade did not alter his views. The stupefying volume of research and writing he has done since leaving Washington has only reinforced *all* of his previous ideas on history, cycles, stages of growth, leading sectors, and the omnipotence and omniscience of government.

Could Rostow be right? His historical analysis is arguable, every bit of it, and one hopes it will be taken up by those who disagree. They will find the intellectual stakes high. Rostow has developed a vast system of economics, history, and politics. Unlike most contemporary economists, he does have a conception of the future which penetrates beyond the next election. His vision is not blocked by quibbles about excessive government regulation, soaring taxes and budgets, continuous deficit spending, and the other trivia that other economists, ordinary souls that they are, contend with every day. Rostow's perspective is that of the world conqueror—vast, global, world-historical, even metaphysical. If he is correct about the future, conservatives, libertarians, liberals, and radicals alike face unhappy years as the fifth Kondratieff upswing unfolds our common future, hurling into the dust the petty concerns of those who are without vision, without the light.

***THE PLUMBAT AFFAIR*, by Elaine Davenport, Paul Eddy, and Peter Gillman. J. B. Lippincott Co., 192 pp., $8.95.**

How Israel got the bomb

STEVE WEISSMAN

*IN LATE 1968, WHEN FRAN*cisco Cousillas, a Spanish sea captain, first saw his new ship, the *Scheersberg A*, lying at anchor in the harbor at Palermo, he immediately knew that something was amiss. Some of the crew—a ragtag bunch of Spaniards, Portuguese, and Moroccans—had sailed the old tub from Rotterdam to Naples only a month before, in October and early November. But once they were back in Rotterdam harbor, the ship's proprietor, a Turkish shipowner and sometime arms dealer named Burham Yarisal, had sent word to lay them all off, claiming that he was going to sell the ship. Then, less than a month later, he called the crew back to work. Only the ship was now in Sicily, with Cousillas as the new captain.

Where had the *Scheersberg A* sailed during the past month, the crew wanted to know, and how did she get to Sicily?

"Why not check the ship's log?" one of them asked. Captain Cousillas agreed, and the men went to find the logbook. But when they found it, they discovered that the last two pages had been ripped out.

Cousillas and his crew sailed the *Scheersberg A* for most of 1969, until they were finally laid off and the ship sold to an unknown Dane in the Swedish port of Lulea. But the mystery remained unsolved, and only years later would the puzzled Spanish sea captain learn what the entire world now knows—that the *Scheersberg A* actually belonged to the supersecret Israeli intelligence service, the Mossad, which used it during November 1968 in a clever scheme to secure 200 tons of uranium to make Israel's present arsenal of atomic bombs.

STEVE WEISSMAN, a London-based journalist, is a former editor of Ramparts. *He reports frequently for* INQUIRY *on the activities of spies and counterspies.*

This story is told for the first time in *The Plumbat Affair*, researched and written by free-lance journalist Elaine Davenport and two members of the *London Sunday Times* Insight Team, Paul Eddy and Peter Gillman. Based on investigations in 17 countries, and told with a reassuring richness of detail and documentation, *The Plumbat Affair* is what investigative journalism is supposed to be, and it is a stinging spit in the eye for the post-Watergate rash of would-be Woodsteins who persist in trying to palm off unconfirmed rumors and third-hand gossip from supposed insiders and "informed sources."

The Plumbat Affair, in fact, tells correctly a story that others have already told widely and wrong, in breathless accounts of how Israeli commandos hijacked the *Scheersberg A* and heisted the needed uranium. But that's not what happened. As this new book now shows, the Israelis didn't hijack the ship, they owned it. And they didn't steal the uranium, they bought it, using an intricate and somewhat ironic cover.

THE STORY BEGINS IN late 1967. The Israelis had just scored a dramatic victory over the Arabs in the Six Day War, and, in response, the French had stopped their arms supplies, including 50 Mirage jet fighters already on order. The Israelis reacted at once. Moshe Dayan convinced the Israeli cabinet that it could no longer count on foreign friends, or on continuing superiority in conventional war. Israel would finally have to take the big step, he argued; Israel would have to build its own arsenal of atomic weapons.

The Israelis had set the stage for this fateful step as far back as 1958, when they secretly began building a 24 million watt natural uranium nuclear reactor in the Negev desert near the tiny settlement of Dimona. They disguised the reactor as a textile factory, and with "textile machinery" and a small amount of natural uranium from France, they put the reactor into operation in 1963. But now, with the new French embargo and their own decision to rely on atomic weapons, the Israelis decided that they would need as

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much as 200 tons of uranium, which the Dimona reactor could turn into enough plutonium-239 to make a small arsenal of atomic weapons.

But how to get the uranium? With the Middle East in continuing turmoil, no one would knowingly give or sell it to the Israelis. So what was Israel to do?

One possibility was to hijack a uranium shipment. But such an outrageous act would almost certainly turn Israel's few remaining friends against her. Far safer was to buy the tightly controlled uranium secretly, getting around the controls by using a "front" that no one would suspect.

Asmara Chemie was a small German chemical firm in Wiesbaden that sold industrial soaps, softeners, and decontaminants. The firm sold mostly to the nearby American military bases and the German Ministry of Defense, and—ever since one of the partners, a World War II Luftwaffe ace named Herbert Schulzen, accepted an invitation to visit the Jewish state in 1964—increasingly to Israel. According to his Israeli hosts, "the Nazi pilot" enjoyed both his holiday and the subsequent increase in orders from Israel, and he gladly reciprocated by mixing gratitude and good business whenever he could.

On one occasion he sold the Israeli army 300 decontamination kits for use against overdoses of radiation. Another time he tried to get the Israelis some infrared aerial cameras for nighttime reconaissance flights.

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BUT ACCORDING TO THE authors of *The Plumbat Affair,* Schulzen's biggest deal came in March 1968, when he arranged for Asmara Chemie to place a $1.5 million order for 200 tons of uranium oxide. Schulzen placed the order with the minerals subsidiary of one of the world's most powerful firms—the Société Générale de Belgique. Long active as the power behind the throne in the old Belgian Congo (now Zaire), Société Générale was sitting on a virtual mountain of African uranium safely stashed away in a silo near Antwerp. It was more than willing to sell the highly sensitive stuff to the small German firm, even though Asmara Chemie had never bought uranium before.

Société Générale had only one question: could Asmara pay? Schulzen gave the name of a small bank in Zurich, which quickly confirmed that Asmara had the $1.5 million on account.

EURATOM, the Common Market agency that is supposed to keep uranium from falling into unauthorized hands, was only slightly more difficult to satisfy. "What did a small chemical company want with so much uranium?" asked one puzzled EURATOM official. Schulzen answered that Asmara Chemie was about to go into mass production of petrochemicals and wanted to use the uranium as a chemical catalyst. The powerful Société Générale backed him up, and EURATOM agreed to the sale in October 1968. EURATOM also agreed that the uranium would first have to undergo special processing and gave permission for Asmara to send it by ship to Genoa, and then on to a Milan paint and chemical company by the name of SAICA.

In the meantime, a lawyer in Zurich was setting up a new firm—Biscayne Traders Shipping Corporation—registered in Liberia and headed by the Turkish shipowner, Burham Yarisal.

According to several of his shipping colleagues, Yarisal had apparently worked with the Israelis as far back as 1947, when he helped run the British blockade with surplus arms and equipment for Israel's first war against the Arabs. His new task was similar. As president of the newly created Biscayne Traders Shipping Corporation, he set out to find a small cargo ship capable of carrying 200 tons of uranium from Belgium into the Mediterranean, and by the end of September he had what he wanted—a 10-year-old, 2600-ton, German-built vessel called the *Scheersberg,* to which he aded the letter "A." The ship cost just under $160,000, which was paid through a bank in Hamburg.

Yarisal then hired the crew of Spaniards, Portuguese, and Moroccans to take the ship to Emden in West Germany, where they were joined by a young English-speaking captain who called himself Peter Barrow. The new captain put the crew through a shakedown cruise to Naples and back to Rotterdam, where out of the blue

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Flush with success, Mossad made an incredible blunder.

the entire crew was laid off. That was on November 11.

What happened next is the key to the Israeli plan. EURATOM had cleared the uranium for shipment to Genoa and Milan, and Schulzen simply arranged for one of Belgium's best-known transport firms to take the stuff from Société Générale's storage silo and carry it by special train to a waiting ship in Antwerp. The ship was the *Scheersberg A,* just in from Rotterdam with a brand new, all-Caucasian-looking crew and a young English-speaking captain who said his name was Peter Barrow.

The *Scheersberg A* loaded the uranium—560 specially sealed oil drums marked with the mysterious word PLUMBAT—and just after midnight on November 17, the mysterious Captain Barrow set sail for Genoa. But the ship never got there. Instead, Barrow headed straight for the eastern Mediterranean between Cyprus and the coast of Turkey, where according to an eyewitness, the *Scheersberg A* transferred the drums of uranium at sea to an Israeli freighter escorted by armed gunboats.

The Israelis had their uranium and the satisfaction of having scored one of the greatest coups of recent years. But the game wasn't over. On December 2, a few hours after the transfer at sea, Captain Barrow sailed the *Scheersberg A* into the little Turkish port of Iskendrun, and shortly thereafter the old crew of Spaniards, Portuguese, and Moroccans were called to rejoin the ship. Only now she was in Palermo, with a brand new captain, the bewildered Spaniard Francisco Cousillas.

Mossad had pulled off the perfect crime, or so it seemed.

EURATOM, which is supposed to keep track of such things, didn't even begin to suspect that the uranium might be missing until six months later, in April 1969, when Professor Enricho Jacchia of the safeguards division picked up the telephone and called SAICA, the company in Milan that was supposed to have received the uranium for processing.

Why hadn't SAICA submitted the necessary papers on receiving the uranium, the professor asked. SAICA's answers were vague. Then, in June, a letter from Asmara Chemie confirmed what Professor Jacchia was now beginning to suspect. The uranium had never gone to Genoa and Milan.

So where was it?

Schulzen couldn't say. Asmara Chemie had purchased the uranium "on instructions of a client," who had first wanted the shipment sent to SAICA in Milan and had then "decided differently."

Who, then, was Asmara's client? EURATOM demanded in a terse follow-up letter. The reply came from a big law firm in Bonn. The name of Asmara's client was a "commercial confidence," which EURATOM had no right to know.

The investigation lingered on; the West German *Bundeskriminalamt* on one occasion actually boarded the *Scheersberg A* as she passed northward through the Kiel Canal and asked the still-puzzled Captain Cousillas, who didn't have the slightest idea, where the ship had sailed in November 1968 and what had happened to the two pages missing from the logbook.

But time passed, and after a year or so, EURATOM finally admitted defeat. They simply didn't know what had happened to the missing uranium. The European Commission, the highest authority of the Common Market, followed suit, deciding in a secret session simply to close the files and hush up any mention of the case. As one commission official later admitted to the authors of *The Plumbat Affair,* "It would have made our security regulations look a little ridiculous."

THERE THE STORY WOULD have ended, except for one thing: Like the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency or the Russian KGB, the Israeli Mossad isn't really as clever as it's cracked up to be, and in a subsequent series of almost unbelievable blunders, they left a trail of clues to the Plumbat operation that even their best friends couldn't quite cover up.

Mossad's biggest blunder is of course the best known—the killing of a North African Arab called Ahmed Bouchiki in the little Norwegian town of Lillehammer in July 1973. The Israeli assassins had mistaken the luckless Bouchiki for Ali Hassan Salameh, one of the leaders of the Black September terrorists who had seized and killed 11 Israeli athletes at the 1972 Olympics in Munich. Mossad hit teams had already left a string of Arab corpses in Paris, Rome, and Nicosia. But this time, in Lillehammer, they got the wrong Arab, and to make the botch-up complete, the Norwegian police quickly captured five of the Israeli agents, including one of the world's least likely hit men, the luckless Dan Aerbel.

Something less than a tight-lipped James Bond, Aerbel had been born in Copenhagen right before the start of World War II and had been forced as a child to hide from the Nazis cramped up in a dark cellar. This had left him with a classic case of claustrophobia, and after a single night in a Norwegian jail cell, the terrified man broke completely and told his Norwegian captors everything he knew about the killing in Lillehammer, about the Mossad network in Europe, and also about a small cargo ship called the *Scheersberg A.*

"I owned the *Scheersberg A,*" he said. "It carried the uranium to Israel."

Aerbel's admission meant little to the Norwegian cop who was questioning him. But the higher-ups in the Norwegian intelligence service soon understood all too well. Dan Aerbel was the unknown Dane who supposedly bought the *Scheersberg A* from Yarisal when Captain Cousillas and his crew were laid off in the Swedish port of Lulea.

HERE UNEXPECTEDLY was the key to what had happened to the missing uranium. And as is now shown by the hard-working authors of *The Plumbat Affair,* Aerbel had left behind him a trail of public documents that would confirm the Israeli connection.

Using the alias Dan Ert, a shortened form of his original family name Erteschick, in October 1969 the Israeli agent had given his name through a notary public in Zurich as the person responsible for Biscayne Traders Shipping Corporation, which continued to own the *Scheersberg A.* He had similarly given his name as president and sole shareholder on the subsequent documents dissolving the corporation, and when he finally sold the ship in Bilbao in 1970, he left his name

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on the register of the city's Hotel Carlton.

There it was, just waiting for some serious investigative journalists to find. Aerbel had taken over the ship and the corporation from Yarisal, who himself had a reputation in shipping circles of working with the Israelis. The transfer came after the *Scheersberg A* had taken the uranium. But once it was clear that the Israelis had owned the ship—and not hijacked her—it was much easier to go back and unmask the initial purchase of the uranium by Herbert Schulzen and Asmara Chemie. Owning the ship, the Israelis had only to get someone to buy the uranium for them and have it loaded, and as *The Plumbat Affair* now shows, that's exactly what happened.

As might be expected, the generally pro-Israeli Norwegians confined their official investigations to the murder in Lillehammer and reportedly ordered police witnesses not to mention the *Scheersberg A* or the missing uranium when Aerbel and the other hit-team members came to trial in January 1974. And even after five of the Israelis were convicted, the Norwegian authorities granted generous paroles, leaving Aerbel to serve only 19 months in a fairly comfortable prison.

But now the story is finally out, with obvious impact on the public reputation of the Israelis and their supersecret intelligence service. In getting the uranium, Mossad clearly scored an enormous coup, and Israeli scientists raced ahead with plans to turn the uranium into an atomic arsenal. This was confirmed in part by a now-released CIA report which concluded that Israel had already produced nuclear weapons by October 1974, at least partially with uranium acquired "by clandestine means."

But for all their skill in the murky world of clandestine operations, the Israelis still violated one of the cardinal rules of their craft. Instead of keeping an airtight compartmentalization between operations, they used an agent who had acted as a front in the Plumbat operation as an accessory in an assassination attempt that would make him extremely vulnerable to arrest. And even if the ill-chosen Aerbel hadn't broken down and spilled the beans, his name and his alias would still have been on the public record in Oslo, Copenhagen, Zurich, Monrovia, and Bilbao to prove for all time the connection between the Israeli Mossad and the good ship *Scheersberg A*. ❑

THE EXECUTION OF MAYOR YIN AND OTHER STORIES FROM THE GREAT PROLETARIAN CULTURAL REVOLUTION, by Chen Jo-hsi. Indiana University Press, 220 pp., $8.95.

THE COLDEST WINTER IN PEKING, by Hsia Chi-yen. Doubleday, 386 pp., $10.00.

China is near

MARINA WARNER

TO DISCOVER THAT human frailty exists in the People's Republic is a mixed pleasure. On the one hand, it comes as a relief to learn that the capacity to love and steal and despair and lust has not, as one had been led to suppose, been excised from the human frame like so many superfluous adenoids. But on the other hand, the relief fades quickly, for these unique documents about life in China today, by the authors of the first important Chinese emigré literature to be translated into English, bear witness that the revolution that has inspired so much Western rapture has taken its toll in death, pain, personal breakdown, internecine intrigue, and murderous mutual suspicion. Through the medium of fiction, they give the lie to the appearance of widespread acquiescence, if not delight, in the present regime among the masses of the Chinese people. And they reveal that China has perhaps become the most difficult place in the world to survive within the law without trespassing against greater laws of justice and humanity.

In Chen Jo-hsi's *The Execution of Mayor Yin and Other Stories*, people grumble angrily over constant interference in their privacy and denials of their rights, and a child of four is interrogated until midnight about having chanted "Chairman Mao is a rotten egg." The atmosphere of hysteria is so highly charged that the blameless heap filth on their own names and backgrounds in order to prove the sincerity of their "confessions," like persecuted women in the sixteenth-century witch hunts inventing ever more fervent tales of diabolical possession.

In Hsia Chi-yen's *The Coldest Winter in Peking*, the authorities' contempt for the people ranges from trivialities like the issuance of superior brands of cigarettes to higher ranks, to pure outrages of cynical manipulation. The Gang of Four, in this novel, is capable of encouraging hundreds of thousands of young people who were sent to the country to "learn from the peasants," to return to Peking for the New Year's festival of 1977 so that the Four could take advantage of the inevitable chaos, turn the militia against the boys and girls, and in the ensuing riot—heedless of bloodshed—proclaim a new government. In both books, denunciation to the death is a commonplace, the misdeeds often as shadowy and arcane as the heresies that racked fourth-century Byzantium, with suicide—now a crime against the state, as it used to be against God—a familiar way out.

Inanity is not too harsh a word for the foreign visitors who swallowed this utopia whole, and foreigners, though peripheral to both books, cut very poor figures indeed. In one of Chen's stories, Han Suyin's special launch sweeps past the people's ferry through the beautiful scenery of Kweilin, while she is served tea and watermelon by several middle-level cadres. When her launch's motor breaks down, it is simply replaced by the motor from the ferry. "That sort of thing happens all the time," a character comments indifferently after being told about the incident. In Hsia's novel, a character nicknamed Paleface Scholar, a spokesman for the intelligent, unemployed, and dispossessed youth of Peking, turns on a Japanese journalist in anger: "People like you make a specialty of distorting facts and glorifying the ruling class in China."

Visiting the People's Republic was a bewildering, angering, enlightening, and always tense experience. (I went in the winter of 1974.) One was forced face to face with one's own values. If one admired China, there was a choice between hypocrisy—asserting that a life of toil and puritanism and intellectual repression was good enough for the Chinese but not for "us"—or

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conversion, the abandonment of the Western ethic. Neither path was easy. But criticizing the People's Republic set one against people who, on other issues, were one's allies and friends.

Still, whatever the personal difficulty, for Westerners honesty costs very little. Both these writers, on the other hand, have faced the implications of their revolutionary sympathies with heroic integrity, and both, in consequence, have suffered exile. In 1967, Chen Jo-hsi left Taiwan with her husband to live in the People's Republic. She stayed seven years with her two children and was then allowed to leave. (Neither she nor Simon Leys in his introduction explains how she escaped the statutory years of reeducation that would normally have been exacted.) She now lives in Canada and has resumed the writing she abandoned while in China. Chen carries, without effort, the intellectual baggage of the West. When she writes about Nanking neighborhood life, or foiled loves in Peking, she instinctively brings a standard of comparison to bear from her years abroad.

HSIA CHI-YEN DOES NOT have this interlining of liberalism, for the only Western influence detectable in his novel is Soviet. Hsia's is a unique voice, and his book an extraordinary document; not for its literary quality—Chen's style is of first-water purity compared to Hsia's—but for the authenticity of its testimony. He has taken a huge canvas—from the steppes of Mongolia to Washington—with dozens of characters, real and fictitious, and proliferating subplots. The handling of the material is usually clumsy, and characterization is often weak and rhetorical. But Hsia saw his experience in a rare and irrepressible way: he—one person among millions—owned up to the state of the revolution. For this he is hiding under a pseudonym in either Japan or Hong Kong.

The chief interest of *The Coldest Winter in Peking* does not lie in its portrayal of the political cutthroats at the top, but in its astonishing descriptions of lower-class society in China. Privilege and corruption are the people's bane: During the famine of 1960, in the Great Hall of the People—their very own temple—high-ranking cadres are wined and dined while the people starve. There are special schools for the children of this elite; there are strings to be pulled and queues to be jumped—if you know the right people; and all the while the chronic frittering of human resources of imagination, idealism, intelligence, and learning goes on.

The hero, Paleface Scholar, has become, after many political squalls, "one of the superfluous men in China." His band of friends consists mostly of fallen Red Guards, exploited for their energy during the Cultural Revolution and later repressed. They have fled the corrective farms to which they were banished, and are living without papers, ration cards, or other legal handles in the city, off their wits, in the rubble of the nuclear-shelter tunnels, like some latter-day Artful Dodger and his gang. They sell goods on the black market—toys, for instance, plaited from the Little Red Book's shredded cover. Indignation has perhaps broadened the outlines of this picture; it sounds exaggerated, but not fanciful.

Hsia Chi-yen is not an artist; his novel would have been turned down if it were a Westerner's, and, if it were a fraud, *The Coldest Winter in Peking* would have no value at all. (I introduce this caveat only because there is a long history of faking Chinese evidence, and the publishers have not produced much background on the provenance of the book.) Chen's stories, on the other hand, are written with urgency and clarity and are beautifully shaped. She creates vivid characters—P'eng Yü-lien, the brightly dressed beauty whom the whole neighborhood hopes to catch *in flagrante*, or Keng Erh, the dispirited scientist who cannot find himself a wife—and though the author holds herself aside, she is never cold. The limpid quality of her prose, self-effacing and restrained, is in a Chinese tradition of short-story writing, like the stories of the master observer of seventeenth-century life, P'u Sung-ling, recently introduced to non-Chinese readers in Jonathan Spence's *Death of Woman Wang*. Chen has been well served by Nancy Ing and Howard Goldblatt, her translators.

The Coldest Winter in Peking has an altogether different outlook, one that makes Hsia's novel much tougher, more indigestible, less polite to the reader. It is rough-hewn, poorly organized, lumpy as a four-year-old's baking attempt, and the translation by Liang-lao Dee (a pseudonym for an academic of Chinese origin living in the United States) is dreadful. At first I thought Doubleday owed Hsia a better version; I have not altogether changed my mind, but it now seems to me that the novel's analogue would be some primitive masterwork like the *Chanson de Roland* or the Bayeux Tapestry, where the very uncouthness of the execution at times stresses the epic dimension of the themes. To have turned nice phrases would have blown some of the anguish out of Hsia's voice. For, in his own mind, Hsia, I would say, has not left China for good. He writes from within Marxism-Leninism; he proclaims not the failure of the revolution but its betrayal by those in power today. He sees Chou as his cherished ideological master, Mao as the leader whose romantic love of power in the end made him as despotic as any feudal emperor. Chen writes as someone who has taken her final leave; she is looking back on events with the wisdom of separation. But Hsia sounds like someone planning ahead, like someone who wants to get back. ❏

FAIRY TALES AND AFTER: From Snow White to E. B. White, by Roger Sale. Harvard University Press, 280 pp., $12.95.

Into the mainstream

SELMA G. LANES

ROGER SALE HAS WRITTEN a most unusual book on the subject of children's literature: one that refuses to pigeonhole its subject matter as a distinct—and, therefore, implicitly minor—literary genre. What's more, he doesn't once apologize for taking seriously books generally remembered with pleasure by large numbers of adults, yet seldom discussed, "except," as the author notes, "very chattily." It is this very elusiveness of the subject matter, the fact that

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the magic and power of so many children's books are difficult to pin down, that seems most to have engaged the author's considerable critical acumen.

Sale is a professor of English at the University of Washington, and he writes as an adult for other adults. Wisely, he makes no effort to cover all bases, concentrating instead on just those "books for which I feel some marked imaginative sympathy." No lukewarm enthusiast, he asserts from the start that "children's literature is one of the glories of our more recent literary heritage."

Yet he eschews any definition of his chosen subject, contenting himself with the Olympian assertion that "we all have a pretty good idea of what children's literature includes." Without a trace of pedantry, Sale addresses himself more to literature's broad function, "that it gives profit and delight, and by this definition children's literature has given as much profit and delight as other kinds of literature." Because he finds the category "children's literature" too uncomfortably vague and loose to permit much generalizing (and the great children's books themselves "too different from one another to suggest more than occasional comparisons between two or three"), Sale focuses on particular works and their creators.

And what a joy it is to join so interesting a mind and so responsive a literary sensibility in reexamining books by Dr. Seuss, Lewis Carroll, Frank Baum, and others. Refreshingly, there is not a hint of condescension in Sale's sharp scrutiny. Of *Peter Rabbit,* he says simply, "It is one of the world's best known and best loved books because without it humanity would be the poorer."

Not of the school of criticism that would isolate the work from its author, Sale soundly observes that Beatrix Potter's power to charm her readers "has to do with smallness . . . with the way Potter uses smallness to force concentration from her reader." And, offered several telling glimpses into Potter's genteel and suffocatingly claustrophobic youth, we can only nod assent to the judgment, "Given the confined nature of her life, given her tendency to write in tiny letters, given her desire to copy little things other people usually ignored, it is not surprising that enclosed spaces gave her the crucial assurance that within them she could be brash and full of pronouncements." And what Potter aficionado will not raise a small cheer for his ultimate appraisal: "How loose and baggy, how easy on themselves she makes most other writers and artists seem."

Seldom do Sale's insights fail to deepen our appreciation of even the most familiar nursery favorites. Commenting on Jean de Brunhoff's "somber equilibrium," Sale notes, "He shows us misfortunes of a kind seldom found in children's books: betrayal, desertion and cruelty . . . de Brunhoff's tone in the presence of these events is impassive and accepting. . . The impassivity that seems for a moment like indifference also assures us that this moment will pass." It is only mildly disconcerting that Sale makes no distinction between the early Babar stories written by Jean de Brunhoff (those under discussion) and the later, lesser tales by his son Laurent, with which today's children are probably more familiar.

IF SALE IS GENEROUS AND incisive with his praise, he can also be firm and withering in his judgments. He does not hesitate to point out A. A. Milne's "shallow snobbery" (that author's tendency "to calculate one's superiority to someone else"), or to condemn the distasteful underlying premises of a traditional fairy tale like *Rumpelstiltskin,* with its

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"alien insistence that the king must always be accepted, and even married, no matter how dreadful, and that the little man in the woods must always be thwarted, no matter how sympathetic." Of so sacrosanct a figure as Hans Christian Andersen, Sale writes, "What is wrong with his work is, almost without exception, what is wrong with all inferior children's literature and what mars even some of the masterpieces." The fault Sale pinpoints is the tendency "to make the central relation be between the teller and the audience rather than the teller and the tale." Thus he finds, not only in Andersen but in much of Kipling as well (notably the *Just So Stories*), "an essentially patronizing attitude toward the audience."

Nowhere is Sale more compelling than when he is examining fairy tales (and the oral tradition) as they relate to later works specifically intended for children. He reminds us that children's literature is a product of "the latter days," dating only from the beginning of the seventeenth century, by which time magic had been generally discredited and childhood was invented. In fairy-tale literature, "What was was, and was equally for everyone." Thus, Sale cautions, when we return to the old Grimm tales today, "We need to adjust or even temporarily to abolish our sense of older and younger, parent and child, and let the tales give us their sense of these people and these relations." But, admiring as he is of the purity of fairy tales in their portrayal of good and evil, the ugly and the beautiful, he cannot subscribe to the near mysticism of writers like Tolkien who look on these primitive works as an open sesame into some realm of the Other, a place beyond human experience. "I hear testimony in a story or a collection of tales, and a voice is speaking across a large abyss," Sale confesses to us. "But it is only a voice, or some voices, not something beyond human personality, not something beyond human relationships."

What makes *Fairy Tales and After* so much a work to be reckoned with is the wholeheartedness of its author's own responses. It is exhilarating to find the world of children's books so openly welcomed—at long last!—into the larger cosmos of general literature. How refreshing to witness Kenneth Grahame's Toad of Toad Hall, for example, compared unself-consciously to another antihero, Hemingway's Robert Cohn of *The Sun Also Rises*. And what a pleasure to read that "de Brunhoff shares with Flaubert and Proust those qualities for which the more famous adult authors are admired, and if their display of these qualities is more copious than de Brunhoff's, it is no more pure."

What doubtless gives most resonance to Sale's observations and pronouncements is that they are informed by a sober awareness of mortality, by that tragic sense so often purposely excluded from children's books by those who would protect their readers from what they already know in their growing bones. In admiring the stark closing line of a Grimm tale ("And so they were all dead together"), Sale writes, "One minds mortality less when remembering that we will all be dead together, along with the hen and the cock and the teller of that tale."

Perhaps never has so urbane, so civilized—in sum, so adult—a voice been raised on behalf of children's books. It is high time. ❏

***HARVARD HATES AMERICA*, by John LeBoutillier. Gateway, 168 pp., $7.95.**

Kremlin on the Charles?

STEPHEN CHAPMAN

WHO AT HARVARD "hates" America? Does Oscar Handlin? Edward Banfield? James Q. Wilson? Adam Ulam? Robert Nozick? Richard Pipes? Daniel P. Moynihan, still on the faculty when John LeBoutillier arrived in Cambridge? Henry Kissinger, who gave up his tenure during LeBoutillier's undergraduate years? No, their patriotic credentials all appear in order. Maybe the student body? The Harvard Republican Club, until recently the largest undergraduate organization on campus? The Christian Fellowship, a big, active evangelical group? The *Harvard Independent*, a moderate student weekly? Well, no, not those either.

So what is the evidence for LeBoutillier's bold title? To be honest, it's pretty thin: a roommate with a taste for mind-altering substances, a tutor with a Mercedes and a line of dime-store Marxist patter, a section teacher infatuated with JFK, and not much else. If such easily recognizable campus types are all that is needed to prove a prevailing mood of subversion, this book could have been titled *Texas A&M Hates America*.

Harvard's own *God and Man at Yale*, as this book has been touted, certainly deserves to be written, and maybe someday it will be. As a classmate of LeBoutillier, whom I have never met, I expected him to draw a damning indictment of the dominant orthodoxy at Harvard and the ways, subtle and overt, in which students are indoctrinated in it. Apparently that enterprise would have been too much work, so LeBoutillier has settled for recounting a few random incidents to illustrate Harvard's decadent, rebellious character—this is the the sort of whining that, one suspects, goes on at the Porcellian Club all the time.

Possibly LeBoutillier could have made a case for his thesis, since there are plenty of people at Harvard who might be characterized as "haters" of America, even granting his terms. While I was there, the university boasted several leftist organizations, a few outspoken socialists on the faculty, and a student daily, the *Crimson*, whose name was widely regarded as suggestive of its ideological coloration. There would be problems, however, in relying on these examples. The leftist groups were taken seriously by hardly anyone, the faculty members were notable only for their scarcity, and the *Crimson*, besides suffering endless dining-hall ridicule, harbored a few editors—including me—who were more interested in the ideas of Friedman and Hayek than of Marx and Engels.

LeBoutillier never gets around to considering such problems, perhaps because less than half of his book has anything to do with Harvard, the remainder being given over to outlining his political ideas—such as they are—and reminiscing about his work in raising money for former prisoner of war Leo Thorsness, who ran for the U.S. Senate in 1974 against George McGovern. LeBoutillier was moved to

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DEBORA GREGER

The Palace at 4 a.m.

I catch myself sighing.
There is snow in the east wing.
Ice announces itself in the ballroom,

but the guests have gone.
The children's beds are empty,
my sister and I dressed for school,

waiting in the field for the train
that raises the dust on the piano,
that stops a woman in old slippers

who dances alone. Who is she?
Whose yellow hat sails past the window,
the old moon in here on the mantel?

I stop dancing. My feet are cold,
my hands too stiff to play.
Out of the cold, the late hour,

The restlessness, one makes
—what? A rock. A cloud. A blanket.
Furniture for the next act, a duet

with a stranger, a colonel,
instruments tuned after years of disuse,
playing music never rehearsed,

always for the *next* act. Outside,
a train whistle cuts across the dark.
In my uneasy sleep my sister and I

run across the field towards the train.
The new regiment at last?
I get up from the piano

and go to the window. There is no train,
no field under the first snow.

Depth of Field

The last of the light rusts around us.
On your chest, a book's pages
ruffle in your slow breath.
Your camera, accurate about your children's
reluctance to stand still,
would freeze this flutter and miss
the one inside, your heart's
uneven, stubborn rhythm.

The book's about a tribe whose men,
on a long hunt, hollow little depressions
in the plains and sleep there,
to wake at dawn under a sheet of frost.
It doesn't say how the man
who discovered them spent his nights.
Or what drug is making you sleepy.

There's a photo in which one of us,
crying, has run from the pose
—to be captured, blurred fist
to bleary eye, in the corner of the frame.
You didn't know your own strength
the way we did, hugged hurriedly
after a sitting, in a tangle of cords and lights.
You don't know what remains of it.

Monet, in his last, huge, hazy paintings,
depicted water lilies, details
that for another painter would have been
just background. Middle distance,
depth of field—with a farmboy's
sky-shaded eyes, you've been scanning
what's out there but listening
for something else, somewhere inside.

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volunteer his help by a proposed campaign slogan: "The Prisoner of War Who Walked Out of Hanoi on His Feet vs. McGovern, The Politician Who Offered to Crawl into Hanoi on his Knees, Which is Your Choice?" His rapture at this concise portrayal of the issues at stake dramatizes far better than I could the grace and sophistication LeBoutillier brings to discussions of political philosophy. He thinks his beliefs weighty enough to merit 20 tedious pages answering the suspenseful question "Why Am I a Republican?" It all goes back, you see, to David Wilmot and the Free Soilers. Of Nixon and his band of felons, who might reasonably be regarded as more representative of the modern Republican Party, LeBoutillier has little to say. For that matter, he never gives any thought to the morality of what Leo Thorsness was doing that landed him in a North Vietnamese prison. As a former Republican, I can understand why LeBoutillier prefers to sing himself lullabies of Honest Abe, the rail-splitter.

This book should be cause for weeping among conservatives, if only for the evidence it offers of the stagnation of thought on the traditionalist right. Nothing could be more mistaken than to regard it as a worthy successor to William F. Buckley's polemic about his alma mater. Where Buckley's was cogent, LeBoutillier's is histrionic; where Buckley's was coherent, LeBoutillier's is aimless; where Buckley's was intellectually rigorous and stylistically elegant, LeBoutillier's is unrelievedly prosaic. Any intellectual movement that could descend from William F. Buckley to John LeBoutillier in only a quarter-century has a bleak future indeed.

Harvard, of course, does not hate America. Its values are essentially those of Buckley's Yale: agnostic in religion, Keynesian in economics, collectivist in politics. Such values have commended countless Harvard men —Kissinger, Galbraith, Schlesinger, to name some recent examples—to public service. Far from despising their country, Harvard men have spent a good deal of their time governing it—for the most part, governing it badly. LeBoutillier no doubt would agree with the last observation; but he refuses to acknowledge that Harvard's values, on balance, have become America's values. And therein lies this book's little secret: John LeBoutillier hates America. ❑

FILM

***DAYS OF HEAVEN*, directed by Terrence Malick.**

***THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL*, directed by Franklin J. Schaffner.**

Splendor in the grass

STEPHEN HARVEY

SINCE MOST DIRECTORS seem to concentrate on keeping their plots in motion and their stars firmly in focus, it's exhilarating to come across someone who makes full use of the movies' fundamental power as a visual medium. Earlier this year, Ridley Scott did just that with *The Duellists*, reveling in the camera's ability to sum up a place and era without becoming mired in words or overwhelmed by the actors passing before it. Terrence Malick's *Days of Heaven* is even more profligately sensuous—its images give resonance to the story before transcending it to become the real substance of the film itself.

This is Terrence Malick's second full-length effort, after the well-received, but ill-attended *Badlands* of a few years back. This time around, Malick has more than fulfilled the promise of his debut—like very few other American films to appear this year, *Days of Heaven* is throughout the product of a distinctive personal vision.

The plot that sparks Malick's pyrotechnics has an allegorical simplicity. During the 1910s, a rootless young factory worker (Richard Gere) leaves Chicago for seasonal field work in the Texas panhandle, accompanied by his spunky kid sister (Linda Manz) and his pliant girlfriend (Brooke Adams). The local landowner (Sam Shepard) soon becomes enamored of Adams, and believing that she and Gere are brother and sister, he asks for her hand in marriage. Gere urges her to comply, convinced that a lifelong meal ticket will be their reward, particularly as her suitor is rumored to be dying. After the wedding and the brief idyll that follows, the suspicions fostered between the two men erupt into disaster for them both, underscored by a cataclysm of nature which seems the very judgment of the gods.

Malick delineates each of the characters with a kind of sympathetic detachment; they're all defined by their place in the social structure of the times, and, according to Malick, the delusion that they can break free of it is their great shared tragedy. Gere is hamstrung by poverty, while Shepard's wealth has isolated him from human contact. Adams's allure is the negotiable commodity—Gere's aspirations and the emotional solace Shepard longs for are predicated on it. Paradoxically, of the three adult characters, it's the feckless, resilient heroine who prevails, unencumbered by their unreasoning pride or improbable ambitions. Although aware of the arbitrary rules which govern the scheme of things he's depicting, Malick never stoops to sentimental moralizing. Thus, while the theme of class conflict, the lush agrarian imagery, and Ennio Morricone's haunting woodwind score immediately call to mind Bertolucci's *1900*, the comparison is at every turn in Malick's favor. The laborers are not ennobled by their toils, they're simply eroded by them. The farmer is every bit as human as his careworn employees. And Gere's plan to better his lot is neither condemned nor celebrated; under the circumstances, his desperation is all too easy to comprehend.

BOTH THE TERRAIN THESE figures inhabit and the structure of the film emphasize Malick's melancholy perspective. Physically they're dwarfed by the majestically barren, endless prairie, a harsh environment that can turn on them without warning. At the same time, the film is edited in such a way as to underscore the uneasy coexistence of

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EDDIE BASKIN

these people with the world outside themselves. At critical moments, Malick cuts away from his protagonists to some simultaneous action outside their sphere—animals darting through the fields, the wheat rustling in the wind. Like the pieces of film which combine to make the finished work, these people are presented as just fragments out of a larger mosaic whose pattern they can't control.

Accordingly, Adams and Shepard effortlessly make their characters felt without calling undue attention to themselves as performers, while in the showiest role, Linda Manz is engagingly natural—appropriately enough, considering the period in which the film is set, she bears an uncanny resemblance, both physically and temperamentally, to the pint-sized hoyden of the silent screen, Bessie Love. Gere's is the one problematic performance; it constantly threatens to throw the movie off balance. He carries the mantle of his incipient stardom a bit too showily in a film that emphatically has no need for it. The particular style of chiseled good looks he typifies seems too modish and contemporary in this context, and it sets him distinctly apart from his less aggressively comely costars.

However, it's clear from the outset that Malick has no intention of yielding to anyone; he's so engrossed in the medium that the film is in danger at times of deviating from Malick's thin narrative thread into pure abstraction. While his mournful lyricism recalls the great silent director Murnau, Malick's all-out virtuosity especially brings to mind the young Orson Welles. As with *Citizen Kane* and *The Magnificent Ambersons,* there's nothing unobtrusive about the craftsmanship lavished on every frame of *Days of Heaven*—he seems determined to exhaust every visual option open to him.

Malick is immeasurably aided in this by his nonpareil cameraman, Nestor Almendros, whose subtle palette and sensitivity to the smallest gradations of light are nothing short of breathtaking. Epic images, such as the sea of migrant workers descending from an endless freight train, alternate with the most microscopic details. The climactic locust plague is constructed with harrowing finesse, building from looming close-ups of single insects gnawing stalks of wheat to huge panoramas of numberless invading hordes. Malick's soundtrack is assembled with the same painstaking care—for the first time I can recall, the stereophonic Dolby sound system is exploited not only for its sheer amplified volume, but for picking up the most minute nuances of natural sound as well.

I could have done with a lot less of Manz's self-consciously precocious voice-over narration, and there's no question that after a while Malick's baroque style teeters on the brink of overkill. The unrelieved sensuous pressure of the film makes its 90 minutes seem rather longer than they are, and the result is likely to leave most people feeling physically spent rather than emotionally stirred. Yet *Days of Heaven* has the scope and texture of a genuine classic. It's especially heartening that the same studio that financed such sure-fire crowd-pleasers as *Grease* and *Heaven Can Wait* should also risk a few million on the likes of Terrence Malick. Even if *Days of Heaven* suffers the same commercial fate as *Badlands,* this is the soundest investment in the future that Paramount could possibly have made.

*IT'S A LONG DESCENT IN-*deed from the elegiac *Days of Heaven* to infernal twaddle on the order of *The Boys from Brazil.* Based on another of Ira Levin's instant best sellers, this is the latest woebegone entry in that genre known as the "international thriller," so-called because the action skips blithely from Patagonia to Paris to Pittsburgh. The film is given a patina of spurious class via lots of high-gloss scenery and a prestigious, polyglot cast slumming for high fees and big-screen exposure. The formula, it seems, is immutable; the plot must pivot on some implausibly paranoid scheme against Civilization As We Know It, the culprits preferably being Nazis, either born again or unregenerate. (After all, they're practically the only unredeemable villains most people can believe in any more, while the menace is sufficiently

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remote to make it all jolly escapist stuff.)

The Boys from Brazil doesn't miss a trick—if anything, it raises the expected clichés to new heights of delirium. The title characters are 94 (count 'em) pubescent clones of Adolf Hitler who have been scattered around the Western world by monomaniacal Nazi scientist-in-exile Gregory Peck. (We actually get to see three of these creations, and they're a riot, impersonated by one pudgy little boy fitted out with a slicked-down black forelock and blue Village-of-the-Damned contact lenses.) Nice Jewish Nazi-hunter Laurence Olivier belatedly gets wind of it all, shuffling halfway around the globe to trap his quarry. It isn't necessary to tax oneself unduly to figure out who wins—after all, in movies like this, what else are underdogs for?

The Boys from Brazil might have managed a kind of lurid comic-strip fascination if it had concentrated on the clones rather than the two purportedly human adversaries. Yet after teasing the audience for nearly two hours with fearsome hints of the cataclysm to come at the hands of these creations, the movie drops them like a crate of red herrings once vengeful justice is wreaked on the perpetrator. At the finish, all we're left with is the memory of the most outlandish array of pseudo-Teutons this side of "Hogan's Heroes." It was a wry caprice to cast Peck, the elder statesman of the American screen, as a goose-stepping Dr. Frankenstein, but the joke simply backfired. With his mean, slitted eyes, penciled moustache, and face chalked Kabuki-white, Peck turns in a performance which descends to new realms of camp. Lord Olivier is not far behind, having apparently called upon dim memories of some Weber and Fields vaudeville routine for his schmaltzy Semitic mannerisms. Such admirable pros as James Mason, Lilli Palmer, and Rosemary Harris have been given little to do and hence will probably survive with their reputations intact, while Uta Hagen actually manages to turn in a pithy vignette as an old death-camp sadist brought to justice. In the past, director Franklin J. Schaffner has turned in such worthwhile entries as *Patton* and *Islands in the Stream,* as well as the likes of *Nicholas and Alexandra,* but this effort even makes the latter look good. *The Boys from Brazil* is the kind of movie that could give even antifascists a bad name.

DANCE

Star-gazing at ABT

THOMAS RUSSELL III

THE BIG NEWS IN DANCE this past year was not Martha Graham's first appearance at the Met, nor even the *Time*-honored flowering of Gelsey Kirkland. It was, instead, Mikhail Baryshnikov's second defection—this time from the American Ballet Theatre to the New York City Ballet. Geographically it's a short walk across Lincoln Center Plaza, but spiritually it's a significant change of venue. For anyone familiar with the two groups, the move should not have come as a complete surprise.

The two companies could not be more unlike. The New York City Ballet, of course, was created by the amazing Lincoln Kirstein as a laboratory (showcase would be the wrong word) for the talents of George Balanchine. Other choreographers, even co-Ballet Master Jerome Robbins, take a distinct second place. But it's more than the mere force of one man's personality, or the implementation of his genius that invigorates the City Ballet, it's also the idea of a *company*. Casting, except occasionally on tour, is never advertised. You have to trek down to the theater the week of the performance to find a crudely mimeographed cast list grudgingly posted on a wall. In theory, at any rate, when you purchase a ticket at the NYCB, you buy ballets, not particular stars.

The American Ballet Theatre is different. Like many ballet and opera companies, it is a holdover from the nineteenth-century star system. Just as Edwin Booth would tour the country with his *Hamlet*, with each locality expected to provide what were clearly defined as supporting players, so with ABT. Rudolph Nureyev is flown in to partner Cynthia Gregory in a single *Swan Lake*, and guest stars from the Royal or the Stuttgart materialize for a week, then disappear into the night.

There are important concomitants to this policy of building a company from the top down. If you're going to import big stars for a few performances, it will probably be easier if you let

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them dance something they already know, which by and large means the full-length nineteenth-century classics. It helps, too, that the starring roles in those ballets tend to consist largely of pas de deux and of individual variations—dancing that scarcely involves working with a larger cast. So you bill yourself as a "museum of the classics," and start to regard yourself as America's national company. Without many new dances coming in, you spend a lot of time looking up at the sky (or the Kirov) waiting for more stars to fall.

The ABT is enormously top-heavy, so that even principal dancers don't get to dance often enough, and don't get the chance to develop in their few good roles. That's not entirely its fault, of course. Their attempt to offer even a moderately wide repertory, combined with their large number of principals, puts them in a bind. The result is that a season will offer, say, one Erik Bruhn *Petrouchka*, and one Makarova *Don Quixote*. Audiences scramble for tickets to Cynthia Gregory's *Giselle*, but Gregory gets little chance to grow into the role. She can't, for instance, try different shadings on alternate nights, because there won't be any alternate nights.

The lack of foresight and artistic guidance is apparent with ABT at all levels. You can see it in ABT's habit of promoting people too fast, thrusting them into leading roles before they're ready, and giving them little help at experimenting in and exploring these roles. Coaches, teachers, and ballet masters don't seem to figure very highly in ABT's priorities. Dancers arrive equipped with whatever training they already have; if they grow there, it's because they've already been given a firm sense of direction. It's no accident that the two who seem to have grown the most, Mariana Tcherkassky and Gelsey Kirkland, were both Balanchine-trained. Others are left floundering. Look at the spiritless ABT corps!

MANAGEMENT'S CAVALIER attitude to its dancers extends to repertory as well. ABT offers so few roles that develop, stretch, or teach their emerging talents. What can anyone learn from dancing in *Firebird*, or the unspeakable *Shadowplay*? What's left—*The River* or *Les Sylphides*? The *Sleeping Beauty* fairies? Swans? (Dancing a sylph or a swan in the right company with a strong teacher, a young dancer could learn a lot, but not at ABT.)

So dancers get stuck in ruts that can be very dangerous for them. And something curiously parallel can happen to ballets. Antony Tudor's recent *The Leaves Are Fading* is a lyrical—*very* lyrical—evocation of love remembered. It is a ballet with no harsh lines, jagged edges, or fast moves. And that is just how ABT performs it. But I suspect that like many works that adhere more or less to a single tonality, it would benefit instead from being "cast against type," from being danced in a way that theater people would call "playing against the text." If an actor, for instance, is about to play Iago or Richard III, he will often find more life in the part if he assumes that the villainy has been adequately supplied in the writing, if he looks around the edges and plays instead the character's seductive charm—"Honest, honest Iago." Failure to find such counterpointing color may lead him perilously close to mustachio-twirling.

Similarly with the Tudor work. There is simply no way for a dancer to be too angular in *The Leaves Are Fading*, but there is a real danger of the ballet's becoming so languorous and curvy, so ingratiating that the audience falls asleep. When Gelsey Kirkland dances the ballet, she understands this. But when Kirkland's not dancing it, ABT tends to substitute Leslie Brown, who lacks Kirkland's fiber. Brown is a quintessentially lyrical performer—in *The Leaves Are Fading* she's almost redundant.

The hot ticket at ABT in the spring was Baryshnikov's new production of *Don Quixote*, which continued to be popular when danced this fall by Nureyev and Kirkland. For me, its success depended too much on casting; it glistened with Makarova and Bujones, paled with Yoko Ichino and John Meehan. Without much of a story, and no characters we really care about, interest in Baryshnikov's production is confined to what one critic called its "cascade of dances." We are indeed offered dance after dance—there is surprisingly little mime—but the dances lack formal invention. The palette's too narrow. Yes, some dances are more "Spanish," others more "balletic," but since all are danced with an implicit "Olé!" after each phrase, distinctions blur and interest wanes. Variety in spatial relationships seems especially to have eluded Baryshnikov. Too many of his dances start upstage and just work on down to the front. Rarely does a dancer face anywhere but K 101–102.

But the real problem with *Don Quixote* is one it shares with *Sleeping Beauty*. I have a hard time with full-length ballets that end happily—they tend to lack the tension necessary to support a whole evening. When what we want to happen is also what we know will happen, there is no room for suspense, no need for the sustaining hope that *this* time Albrecht won't betray Giselle, Siegfried won't be seduced by the Black Swan's 32 *fouettés*, the friar will reach Romeo, or Juliet will wake up in time. Tragedy arouses these emotions frequently, but only an extraordinary *Sleeping Beauty* offers any doubt as to its outcome. In the performance I saw, Yoko Morishita began her Aurora a bit dully, but came alive as the afternoon wore on. Only in the last act did her dancing have any real relation to the music, but there it suddenly found its way, and gave the audience that rare effect, as if the music were moving in time to the performer rather than the other way around. Her partner, the young dazzler Fernando Bujones, offered his usual virtuoso number, with as many beats and jumps as the most jaded audience could want. Bujones's amazing strength is matched by his superb control. His most impressive moment was not a leap, but a multiple pirouette with a breathtakingly long, slow coasting stop.

Bujones—the most arrogant-*looking* dancer around—still tends to start his solo variations with chin held high in the air, giving him the look of a thin Mussolini. His *Don Quixote* with Makarova did reveal a sprightly comic sense, although there he was surely helped by his partner. One of the most expressive tragic ballerinas I've seen, Makarova is also an impish comedienne. I remember a performance several years ago of the *Don Quixote* pas de deux, that crowd-pleaser the management offers whenever they can't think of anything else, which is often. In the middle of a long, fast series of turns, and absolutely without breaking stride or interrupting the rhythm of her dancing, Makarova at the top of one turn shrugged her shoulders at the audience and smiled. As an expression of affectionate amusement at this old war horse, and an assertion of impossible prowess, the gesture was marvelous.

Makarova has been returning to dancing carefully but quickly: She had

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a baby in February and was dancing by May. Many dancers take a year to come back, but then Makarova was dancing until she was four months pregnant, which isn't commonplace either. By the time of ABT's brief fall season, her form was again extraordinary. Her second-act *Giselle* (first with Anthony Dowell; then the next night, with Ivan Nagy) was so secure, so confident, so still, it was as if she were dancing in thick air.

With Makarova off peak in the spring, the star of the season was undoubtedly Gelsey Kirkland, even more than the departing Baryshnikov. After the *Time* cover story, it wasn't easy to get a seat for her unless you were Anna Kisselgoff or a close personal friend of Lucia Chase—I'm neither—but besides a haunting *Jardin aux Lilas* I did see her with Baryshnikov in one of their last performances of his *Nutcracker*, and I would sell my soul to see it again. I had seen Kirkland before, of course, and had even seen her *Nutcracker* (atrociously filmed) on television last Christmas, but I hadn't quite seen what all the fuss was about. Now I do.

KIRKLAND'S SKILL IS based not only on her obvious intelligence, but also on her exceptional crystalline control. Part of the definition of expressivity in ballet, or at least a necessary condition to it, is the ability to mold a step by moving, say, the ankle just a hair more quickly than the foot, a calf a mite slower than a thigh. Or to move both at the same time. (For too many dancers, it's "Let's see, I'll move the thigh to here, then the calf to there, and then, oh yes, I'll remember to point my feet.") The foot can yearn, while the ankle brakes as a conscience; the calf can advance courageously, as the neck bends with fear—those steps *mean* something, but only on the body of a dancer like Kirkland. Compared to her, most dancers look like physical monotones—leaping tuning forks.

I like Baryshnikov's *Nutcracker* more with each viewing. Yes, it lacks the *gemütlichkeit* of Balanchine's version, and that production's access to the easy sentiment of anything performed by children, but it's not trying for that. While its mice, for instance, are the funniest I've seen, they are also the scariest. It's not Clara's being eaten that we have to fear—not from that lecherous old mouse king.

Baryshnikov has taken his cue from the music of the Grand Pas de Deux. Recognizing that it's not just a *divertissement* but contains some of the most richly tragic music Tchaikovsky ever wrote, he has given it tragic choreography. Instead of making it a vehicle for the usual "Sugar Plum Fairy and her Cavalier," Baryshnikov has set it on the prince and Clara, interrupted frequently by the magician Drosselmeyer. Critics have seen the latter's entrances as a reminder to Clara that she has to grow up, but that's not it at all. Drosselmeyer, in black, is not some abstract figure of fate; he's a dance concept too: a third man interrupting a pas de deux. As Kirkland and Baryshnikov dance the ballet, it becomes a story not about a girl's coming of age, but about a young woman who finds her prince only to lose him. Baryshnikov has created what is finally a ballet about separation. My companion came out of the theater saying that she'd expected a Christmas bon-bon—what she found was *Romeo and Juliet*. Baryshnikov and Kirkland endowed that performance with a very particular meaning, one the ballet had never quite had before. ABT's star-gazing policy may sometimes look like madness, but a night like that one clearly shows you the method in it. ❑

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